4 GREAT NEW PORTRAITS OF FOOTBALL STARS FREE

TOPICAL TIMES

NO. 1000. [REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER AT G.P.O.] WEEK ENDING JANUARY 14, 1939. PRICE 2D.

HIS PLAN WENT WRONG

The Great Thrill Story of the Year

BY R. SHERWOOD KING

I had to make a getaway or be a murderer—Bannister's life depended on it. . . . Then the door opened and Mrs Bannister appeared. . .

A CUP OF COCOA IS A CUP OF FOOD **BOURNVILLE COCOA** MADE BY CADBURY

A PRIZE FOR EVERY JOKE

SEE OFFER BELOW

THE JOKE PARADE

"He says he hates the hair going down his neck!"

Remember that joke you heard the other day? Don't keep it to yourself—send it in and let other "T.T." readers share the fun.

Each week a prize of ten shillings is awarded to the sender of the best laugh received, and every other joke printed wins a consolation award.

Address your postcards to:—"Readers' Jokes," "Topical Times," 12 Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

HE—"May I see you pretty soon?"
She—"Don't you think I am pretty now?"
—P. Booth, Folly Hall P.O., Huddersfield.

THE MUG.

WIFE (angrily)—"Just because you married me you needn't think you've bought me."
Husband (sadly)—"No, my dear, I don't. I was the one who was sold!"
—Miss A. Williams, 115 Butler Street, Liverpool, 6.

CUTTING.

"MY best man dined with us last Sunday, and was so impressed with my bride's cooking that he sent her a carving set."
"That was nice."
"Not so very. He sent her three chisels and a mallet!"
—Edward Green, Frenches Farm, Hadleigh, Suffolk.

IDEA.

PASSENGER (at wayside station, putting his head out of the carriage window)—"Hey, porter, what's all the delay about?"
Porter—"We're filling up with water, sir."
Passenger—"Well, for heaven's sake tell them to use another spoon!"
—Chas. F. Birkby, 781 Ripon Street, Bradford.

MUSICAL.

JONES—"Once my musical talent saved my life."
Brown—"How's that?"
Jones—"You remember the great flood a few years back? Well, my father and I lived on the bank of the river, and our house was swept away with the water. Dad jumped on the table and floated down the river to safety."
Brown—"Yes, but where does your musical talent come in?"
Jones—Oh, I accompanied him on the piano!"
—Miss Ethel Bentley, 12 Jubilee Street, Oswaldtwistle, Lancs.

ONLY STARTED.

A BIG fellow and a little man stood on the canal bank in heated argument. Said the big fellow, "Why I could throw you across to the other side."
"Bet you five bob you couldn't," replied the little chap.
The big man picked him up, whirled him round and threw him, but the little one landed right in the middle. Scrambling out, soaked to the skin the victim demanded, "I told you you couldn't do it; now where's my five bob?"
"Five bob be blowed," retorted the big fellow, "I'm going to do it if I stay here all day!"
—John Rimmer, 5 Lunesdale Avenue, Liverpool, 9.

SHAME!

"JOHN, hadn't you been drinking when you came home last night?"
"That's just like a woman. Just because I had a little difficulty in getting in, because I couldn't pronounce a few words, because I took off my clothes in the drawing-room and wore my silk hat in bed, you rush to the conclusion that I had been drinking!"
—F. Craig, 61 Barrington Road, London, S.W.9.

WHY SHE GOT IT.

MRS SMITH—"I suppose you were nervous when you first asked your husband for money?"
Mrs Jones—"No, I was calm and collected!"
—A. Astin, c/o 37 Garston Road, Kirkham, Preston.

ONE WAS ENOUGH.

JONES was walking across the golf links, when suddenly a ball struck him on the head, which made him collapse to the ground. On recovering he saw the golfer leaning over him and saying, "I distinctly shouted fore."
"Four," replied Jones, "thank goodness only one hit me!"
—S. Faulkes, 80 Wheat Street, Leicester.

SURELY NOT.

WOULD-BE star centre-forward—"I can't get into my boots."
Fed-up Manager—"What, feet swelled, too?"
—Mrs E. Billingham, 91 Collies Street, Ambleoote, near Stourbridge, Worcs.

HIS LAST RESORT.

THE branch manager approached the assistant cashier's desk. "Where's the head cashier?" he asked.
"Gone to the races, sir," said the office boy.
"What!" exclaimed the manager, fiercely, "Gone to races in business hours? Never heard of such a thing!"
"Yes, sir," said the boy, "it is his last chance of making the books balance!"
—H. Eccles, 43 Selborne Street, Walsall.

UNAVOIDABLE.

"DOCTOR," said the patient, "I'm bothered with a curious pain. When I bend forward, stretch out my arms and make a semi-circular movement with them, I feel a sharp stab in my left shoulder."
"But," said the doctor, amazed, "why on earth make such motions?"
"Well, doctor," he said, "if you know of any other way for a man to get into his overcoat, I wish you'd tell me!"
—James Robinson, 57 Christine Street, Shaw, Lancs.

TOUGH LUCK.

"I gave the referee £5 to see that I won my big fight last night."
"Yes, but the papers say you lost."
"Yes, the referee was crooked!"
—Prize of 10s to R. T. Hollis, 4 Priory Road, Wellington, Northants.

AS REQUESTED.

GENTLEMAN (in city)—"Say, boy, call me a taxi."
Small Boy—"Right, sir, you're a taxi."
—Jack Fraser, Carrol, Lairg, Sutherland.

NO CHANGE.

SMITH—"My wife left me without reason."
Jones—"Then she left you as she found you!"
—Robert Edwards, 23 Spa Street, Aberdeen.

FUNNY.

A MAN who had met with an accident was lying in hospital and wanted to write to his wife. As both his hands were damaged a nurse kindly consented to help.
"Shall I start with 'My dear wife?'" she asked.
"Yes, do," said the man, with a grin, "that'll amuse her!"
—K. Mortimore, 281 The Glade, Shirley, Surrey.

ONE CONDITION.

A CERTAIN colonel was transferred to a new command. On reaching his depot, he found stacks of completely useless documents accumulated in the office of his predecessor.
Wishing to get things straight he wired to headquarters for permision to burn them.
Back came the answer from his immediate superior, "Yes, but make copies first!"
—J. H. Ball, 5 Hawhorne Street, Warrington, Lancs.

ONE AND ONLY.

TWO cyclists pulled up at a hotel for the night.
"I shall have to put you fellows in the same room," said the host.
"That's all right," said the cyclists.
"Well, I think," said the host, "you'll have a comfortable night. It's a feather bed."
At two o'clock in the morning one of the friends awoke his companion. "Change places with me, Dick," he groaned, "It's my turn to lie on the feather."
—J. Ratcliffe, 253 Bolton Road, Stubbins, near Manchester.

RED TAPE.

HE marched into the farmyard and began poking about as if the place belonged to him, and before long the farmer emerged.
"What are you doing here?" he demanded. The stranger turned up his nose and produced a card. "I am a government inspector," he said, "and entitled to inspect your farm in every detail."
The farmer turned on his heel with a snort, leaving the unpleasant visitor to carry on. About a quarter of an hour later he heard loud shouts coming from one of the meadows. Looking out he was delighted to see that a bull was pursuing the inspector, who did not stand a chance.
"Hi, help," shouted the desperate man, breathlessly, "help!"
The farmer grinned.
"Show him your card, mister!" he shouted, "show him your card!"
—Jack Proctor, 26 Thorpe Avenue, Torrisholme, Morecambe.

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Making the Thing Go

"I'll fix it," says MILSOM (right) during a hold-up for this Manchester City party, the other members of which are SPROSTON, CARDWELL and M'DOWALL.

THE CAP IN THE WINDOW.

I CAN state definitely that although Dave Mangnall has re-signed for Millwall, the popular inside-forward will continue to train at the Birmingham ground. Dave tells me his business — tobacco, confectionery, and groceries—is doing well. "Just a few days ago my old clubmate, Harry Hibbs, lent me one of his international caps to place in the window," Dave told me, "and it's been an amazing attraction."

SAM BARKAS COMING BACK.

MANCHESTER fans and the football world in general will be glad to hear that Sam Barkas, City's 'national defender, has resumed light training. Sam has just returned from a long toning-up spell in Southport, where he watched the local side each Saturday afternoon. "I'm anxious to get back to League football again," Sam told me, "and hope to have my first game by the end of this month." When Sam is 100 per cent. fit, City's rearguard of Swift, Sproston, and Barkas will be good enough to be picked en bloc for England.

STOKE'S COLOURED BOY.

ROY BROWN, Stoke's 14-year-old coloured centre-forward, is going places in the big game. And all the Stoke players give him every encouragement. I was in the dressing-room chatting with Frank Soo when young Roy came bursting in. "You owe me a shilling, Frank," said Roy. "I scored one with my left foot today!" "Was it a good one?" asked Frank. "Well, I was a bit lucky. It went in off the outside of my foot," admitted Roy. That's the way the Stoke lads are getting Roy to use his left peg more often!

"Look out for a snooker or two when I get this cue tip right!" The speaker is GEORGE JONES, Sheffield United

THE SILENT ONE.

MEET Soccer's quietest skipper. He is Jimmy Richardson, inside-forward of Millwall. He arrives at the ground every morning, gives the lads a friendly nod, and then gets on with his training without a word. When Newcastle won the Cup, Richardson, introduced to the admiring crowds by his skipper, uttered the cryptic sentence into the microphone, "Deeds not words!"

Exclusive Gossip

By Bohemian

A WOLVES SUPPORTER SAID IT.

WOLVES were holding a three-goals lead and playing really wonderful football in the recent game at Charlton when a Charlton "fan" turned to an enthusiastic Wolverhampton supporter and said, "Do the Wolves always play like this?" Came the reply, "Good gracious me, no, half of these players will be dropped for the next game for not pulling their weight."

LUCK OF THE GAME.

IF Wales were due to play an international, the first thing Ted Robbins would do would be to ask Jimmy Seed, the Charlton manager, if Bert Turner, who captained Wales in all international games last season, was fit. Mr Seed would reply, "Yes." Turner would be selected right away as captain and right-back for Wales. Yet Turner cannot get his place back in the Charlton first team owing to the brilliance of Shreeve, the 20-year-old full-back, brought down from the North by the Charlton manager four years ago. That's the luck of the game.

Bad luck has dogged sharp-shooting Alf Rowles, 20-year-old Bristol City centre-forward. Ernie Mellors, City trainer, says: "Alf has been crocked several times and hasn't been able to get going properly. It has been a disheartening experience for the youngster, but now he's almost completely O K again. I expect to have him back into full training soon."

CHEAPER AND BETTER.

EARLIER in the season Brentford had three very expensive "buys" in their forward line — Eastham, M'Culloch, and Reid—and the team was doing badly. The present forward line—Hopkins, M'Aloon, Townsend, M. Edelston, anl Smith—did not cost one transfer fee, for even Hopkins was an exchange deal. A win at Huddersfield, a draw at Portsmouth, and a home win over Everton, with such a "cheap" line of forwards, has given real hope to the Bees. That is not all. Brentford have about £15,000 in the bank as proceeds for the transfers of M'Culloch and Eastham.

The Amazing Adventures of a Stunt Man.

MY FLIRTATIONS WITH DEATH

By SPIKE RHIANDO

The Man They Cannot Kill.

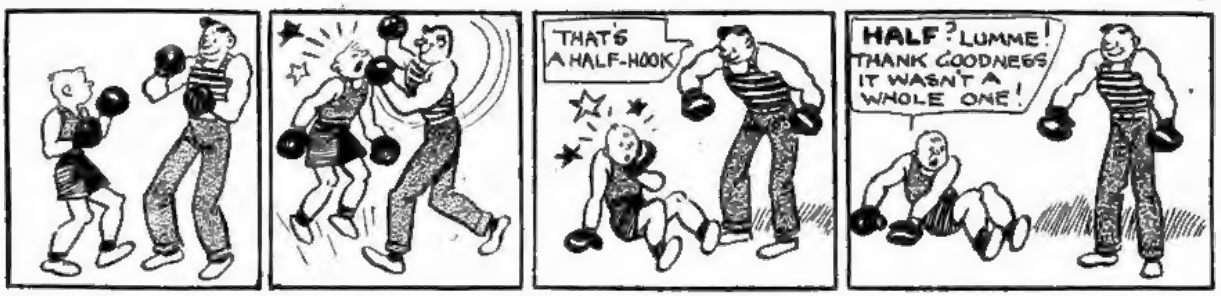
Spike Rhiando has been a stunt man in Hollywood, a member of a flying circus, a racing motorist, and a Wall of Death expert.

Be sure you read the first thrilling stories of his astounding escapes from disaster

NEXT WEEK.

ROOKIE

Had Enough



SAMMY'S ORDEAL.

"D'YOU know what I consider my greatest ordeal ever?" Sammy Crooks was speaking. "It was lecturing to a group of 500 boys. The fear I had when I stepped on the platform confronted by a sea of seemingly never-ending faces is something I've never felt on the soccer field. When I'd agreed to lecturing these boys I was under the impression there would only be twenty or so!"

THE PERFECT TEAM.

"THE Wolves are the most perfect team that have ever played against us." Jimmy Seed, of Charlton, told me that a few days ago. "They played truly brilliant football the day they met us," said Jimmy, "and it was impossible to fault them. I went into our lads' dressing-room as usual at half-time and for the first time in my life I was absolutely flummoxed. I just couldn't advise our lads what to do. There wasn't a weakness in the side. We were outplayed, out-manœuvred, and thoroughly beaten by a hundred per cent. team." Major Buckley should be proud!

"WHAT I KNOW ABOUT FOOTBALL."

MANY football folk are still chuckling over one Christmas and New Year greetings card they received. It was sent by the Chesterfield vice-chairman, W. H. Attrill. On the cover of the card were the words, "What I Know About Football, by W. H. Attrill." And inside were six empty pages. Vice-chairman Attrill has a ready wit; is always to the fore in the cheery after-the-match talks in the Chesterfield board-room.

CHARLTON SECRET.

HERE is the secret of Charlton's success. They've had an average of only three board meetings a year since Jimmy Seed took over with the Messrs Gliksten over five years ago. "Everything is left entirely to me," Jimmy Seed told me. "My chairman usually 'phones me every morning for a few minutes, when I acquaint him with the news of the day. After that I don't hear any more from my directors until we meet on the day of the match. They give me every assistance; never hinder me in any way."

DAI HOPKINS REMEMBERED.

DAI HOPKINS, Brentford's international winger, is a non-smoker. He made his vow to keep away from tobacco when he was 14. Says Dai, "My father, who is now an assistant groundsman at Griffin Park, has always been a heavy smoker. When I was a youngster I remember my mother remarking on the amount of money Dad spent for his smokes. I followed mother's line of thought — and decided it was money wasted. I vowed I'd never waste MY money on tobacco."

To do this, one fellow must have confidence and the other fellow strength. Here you see the ideal combination in MATIER and HALL, of Blackburn Rovers.

UNUSUAL INJURY.

JOHNNY MACKIE, Chesterfield inside-forward, is out of the team with a queer injury. After a recent match, Johnny pulled down one of his stockings and discovered his leg was marked by weals in several places. The marks weren't caused by knocks. The injuries apparently resulted from some of the turf and soil slipping inside the stocking and working into the skin. Johnny has had to lay off and he's a very puzzled man!

Bobby Gardiner, the wee Scots inside-left of Bristol Rovers, got special leave off to go home to Scotland to spend the New Year and he saw several games on the home pitches he used to dazzle on. He remarked—"Bristol Rovers tried to make me into an outside-left. Maybe they thought I'd be another Alan Morton, but I know I flopped there and in the future I'll be inside."

A TRANMERE "CRACK."

AFTER Tranmere's two crushing defeats by Manchester City, the rival goalkeepers, Frank Swift and Jack Curnow, met. Said Jack to Frank, "You know, Frank, I know how it is now that you've beaten us twice!" "What's that?" asked Frank, all surprised like. "I reckon it this way. You're just a little bit too good for us!" Curnow's dry remark had the lads in fits of laughter. These Tranmere lads can sure take it with a smile!

"Bill Martin will be fit in ten weeks." That is the specialist's verdict on Bradford's centre-forward who took such a bad internal injury in the Christmas games. But Manager Davie Steele says: "After such a bad injury and severe shaking up, it wouldn't be fair to the player to rush him. It's my intention to let him have the summer to forget his unfortunate accident. I'm hoping he'll return fitter than ever in August."

THANKS TO BOB KELLY.

HARRY JONES, West Brom's leader, is one of the most dangerous centre-forwards of the day. "At one time I thought I was going to be a flop," Harry told me. "When I first went to Preston I was the world's worst header of a ball. Bob Kelly spotted this, and from then on he used to take me out on the park every day for an hour. Bob would get as many footballs as he could find and spend all that time sending 'em in from the corner flag. Any success I have gained now I certainly owe to Bob Kelly."

Five stars combine to give you a different type of article

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT!

1 JUMPED OFF A BUS. ILL FOR 3 MONTHS

By FRANK GALLIMORE
PRESTON N.E. FULL-BACK

I JUMPED off a moving bus — and nearly finished my football career!

This was two years ago. I was ill for three months! I've never had such a bad time in my life.

The time was early August, and I was going home one evening when I dropped off the bus in my usual manner, and walked home. I felt fine; never fitter in my life. Just back from a long summer's holiday with my whole body glowing with health.

I took a stroll in the evening along with the wife, and retired to bed early. **The following morning when I woke up I found I couldn't move my legs!**

My doctor was called in, but he couldn't seem to find anything wrong. A few days after he diagnosed the trouble. Said I'd sprained my groin dropping off the bus.

For days I wouldn't believe him. Would you? I thought it was something far worse and that he was afraid to tell me the truth.

I spent weeks in bed. Lost twelve pounds in weight. Constant worrying caused my hair to fall out in lumps. That was the result of the nervous reaction.

I returned to training just before Christmas. There were no after-effects. But, by gosh, I had a scare!

2 THAT AMAZING GAME OF DARTS

By JACK HODGSON
GRIMSBY T. FULL-BACK

I'M a mug at darts, and that's why you'll hardly believe this. One Saturday night I went into my club. The club's dart champ. challenged me to a game. You know, round the board, in doubles finishing with the bull.

I got right out of my usual rut and played a blinder. I'd completed the doubles before the champ. had got double nine! The other club members looked on open-mouthed.

Then I took my three darts to throw for the bull. The first went straight into the outer bull. So did the second. And the third arrow went plumb into the small inner bull!

I'll never reach darts form like that again. Neither will our manager, Mr Billy Spencer, hit the same heights at darts as he did on one occasion I remember.

Mr Spencer, partnered by George Tweedy, was playing Harry Betmead and myself at 301 up. With his first dart of one throw the boss—who is not a crack at darts!—speared treble 20. His second arrow stuck in treble 19.

"Just to show you how good I am I'll get treble 18 now," said the boss, as he prepared to throw his third arrow. And, blow me, the arrow did go into treble 18.

Here's another believe-it-or-not story. Golf this time. Playing with Teddy Buck, I was putting from the edge of the green. Buck's ball was a few yards from the pin at an angle from mine.

I decided to try to pot Teddy's ball—we always play light-hearted golf. I connected with my putter. **My ball struck Buck's. And Buck's ball rolled into the hole, while mine went towards the edge of the green.**

3 A TRAINER'S MIRACLE SAVED ME FOR FOOTBALL

By WILF COPPING
ARSENAL LEFT-HALF

FOUR years ago I thought I'd never kick a ball again. S'fact. If it hadn't been for Arthur Campey, the Leeds trainer (I was at Leeds), I wouldn't have been able to do any more playing.

I got a knee injury which I thought had finished me with the game for good. But Arthur Campey never despaired. He worked like a Trojan on the injury and got me fit in two months. After which I was signed by Arsenal at a big fee, and went on to win more caps for England.

Here's how I got my injury. We were playing Aston Villa a few weeks before the end of the season. Jimmy Gibson, the Villa half back, and myself went for the ball together.

Gibson kicked the ball first and it caught the inside of my outstretched leg. My leg was twisted round, and I fell to the ground in agony. I was carried off with the knee swollen to twice its size. Arthur Campey immediately applied a block of ice to keep the swelling down.

For weeks after I could only hobble—and then only in a straight line. It was impossible for me to turn on the leg.

Arthur Campey spent hours every day massaging the knee and giving me electrical treatment. The sweat poured out of Arthur and out of me, too. For weeks the injury made no progress at all. Doctors gave me up. Then slowly—oh, very slowly—I began to mend.

At the end of May I kicked a ball for the first time in two months. No ill-effects. I turned, twisted, ran. Still I felt O.K. The knee was strong again. I nearly hugged Arthur Campey, who was looking on—and he has my blessings always for this miracle.

4 I MIGHT HAVE BEEN A PRO. BOXER

By HARRY WARE
NORWICH C. CENTRE-FORWARD

HERE'S one for you—it was touch and go whether I'd become a professional boxer. I became a footballer through force of circumstances. I was more interested in boxing than football in those days.

Boxing was in the family. My father, also Harry Ware, was the European bantamweight champion at one time. Dad beat Pedlar Palmer for this title.

As soon as I could toddle dad bought me a pair of boxing-gloves, and coached me in the noble art. He used to tell me about the great old-timers of the ring.

Boxing was in my blood, too. I boxed at school; won a Staffordshire schoolboy championship. And I boxed amateur when I left school. I used to spar regularly with Pat Haley, of Hanley, the ex-Northern Area welter-weight champion.

When I was 16 I had several boxers' managers after me. One was Jack Ball, a Stoke-on-Trent handler. Jack wanted me to turn pro. under him.

I would have jumped at this chance—only for the fact that my father died at this time. I became the bread-winner of the family. It was up to me to take the job which would bring me the biggest wage packet.

As I was now fixed, I was chary about turning professional boxer. I knew from my boxing pals that there were many snags, disappointments, and poor purses for the young novice.

Stoke City then solved my problem for me. As well as boxing I'd always played football. I was playing for Stoke St Peter's when Stoke City signed me amateur.

As soon as I was 17 I became a Stoke City professional, and had finally lost all my ideas about trying to earn my living from boxing, though I've always retained my love for boxing.

Nowadays I often spar with Ginger Sadd, the Norwich middle-weight. Ginger is my best pal. I watch him fight whenever I possibly can. I'll be the proudest man in Norwich if Ginger becomes the British middle-weight champ. when he meets the holder, Jock M'Avoy, for the title.

5 A LUCKY SHIFT CHANGED MY CAREER

By BILLY HALL
'SPURS INSIDE-RIGHT

'SPURS paid a big fee for me as an inside-left, and I couldn't get into the first team. That takes some believing now.

It is also interesting how I came to sign for Notts County. One of the Notts scouts went to watch our opponents' inside-left. But it was myself who gained all the glory that afternoon, so I was the one invited to sign for the County.

I played regularly in the County first team, and then 'Spurs came along and signed me.

I was having a really bad spell. I just couldn't score goals to save my life. In fact, I believe 'Spurs were almost on the point of letting me go.

Then in a practice match, Andy Duncan, who came to Tottenham as an inside-right, was picked inside-left, while I was selected for Duncan's place on the other side of the field.

I'd never played there before in my life. But I had my best game ever. Found the ball going to me neatly. I was able to gather it and hit first time for goal.

Where my shots had been swerving away to the corner flag from inside-left, they were now swerving into the goalmouth.

I got into the League side. Later I got into the England team. Still later I was made skipper of the 'Spurs side, and the final glory of all was my five goals against Ireland.

And I might have drifted back into Third League soccer just two brief years ago!

A Player's Weekly Diary

I ATTEND A "BAND WAGGON" BROADCAST

WEDNESDAY—We are enjoying our spell at Dorking.

As we played at Derby yesterday we have no training at Dorking to-day.

After dinner we set off for a walk, and later on a crowd of us go into the Watermill cafe, which is on the outskirts of Dorking, where we have a cup of tea and some home-made scones.

We spend about an hour examining curios which are for sale. One of our lads has the misfortune to drop one and it breaks in pieces.

Back to the hotel for tea, and at night we all set off for London, where we are the guests of Jack Hylton, the famous band leader, at the Princes Theatre.

The name of the show is "Band Waggon," and features "Big Hearted" Arthur Askey and "Stinker" Murdoch, and Jack Hylton and his band. As we arrive the show is being broadcast by the B.B.C., just as if they were in the studio.

We enjoy it very much, and when it finishes set off by taxi to the station, where we entrain for Dorking. On arrival we have a light supper before going to bed.

Talking about bed, some of our lads are not keen on going up to their rooms alone. The rooms are enormous and three sleep in my room. Ghost tricks are played on some of the boys.

THE SINGING WAITER.

THURSDAY—We are given a knock at 9 a.m., and after breakfast we do some training on the grounds of the hotel. Shades of 1933!

It brings back memories of the time we stayed at this hotel before we won the cup. There are three players left in our team of that period.

We finish our training with some ball practice and then in for our baths.

Later on I have a game of table-tennis, and also billiards in the recreation room, where there is a billiard table, two table-tennis tables, and a dart board.

This mansion dates back to the sixteenth century, and I while away many a pleasant hour exploring it.

In for dinner, and there are a number of Italian waiters serving us. One of them keeps singing songs, and we have good fun with him.

In the afternoon we go for a walk, and once again we have afternoon tea in the Watermill Cafe.

At night we go along to one of the two local picture halls, where I see a very good show—Robert Taylor and Maureen O'Sullivan in "The Crowd Roars."

OUR GOALIE SCORES FOUR.

FRIDAY—We are given a knock at 9 a.m., and after breakfast we finish off our training with some sprints and also a six-a-side match.

In this match our goalkeeper shows some of our forwards how to score goals. He gets four, and gets a great rally from us all at the end of the game.

One of our inside forwards is being sent back home to see a specialist about his knee. This is bad luck for us, as it looks as if he won't be available for our first round cup-tie.

Another player and I take a walk into town in the afternoon. I buy some New Year cards and send them to relatives and friends.

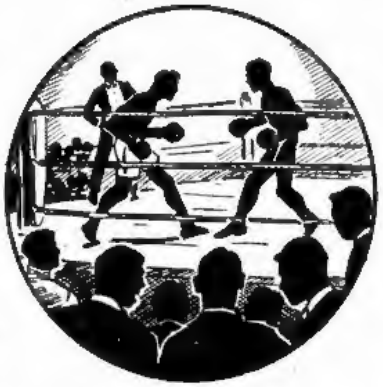
Back to the hotel for tea, and at night we go to the pictures. The show we see is "Pygmalion," and Leslie Howard is the star. It is a George Bernard Shaw story, and is one of the best films I have ever seen.

We have supper in the picture house cafe before going back to the hotel.

DAVIE M'CULLOCH'S PALS.

SATURDAY—I am down to breakfast at 10 a.m., and then I pack my bag.

About noon we have tea and toast, and just as we are leaving one of our players is made a present of a puppy.



FAMOUS PLAYERS I MET THIS WEEK

We set off by special bus for our destination with the good wishes of the staff of the Deep Dene Hotel ringing in our ears.

When we arrive at our opponents' ground I am welcomed by an old pal from Scotland, who is at present working in London. A number of "Topical Times" readers speak to me as well.

Then Jack White and his brother come along. I have a chat with them, and they tell me they are doing well with their band at the Astoria Ballroom in Charing Cross Road

I get tickets for my friends, and then have a chat with two of my opponents for the day, Joe Crozier and Bobby Reid. Bobby Reid is going up to Derby after the match to spend the week-end with Davie M'Culloch.

Soon it is time to strip, and out we run on to the field. We put up a very disappointing show, and at the finish we set off by bus for Euston Station, where we entrain for home.

Travelling on this train are the Tranmere players, who have been playing at Fulham. They lost 1-0, and it is nice to have a chat with two former club-mates in Archie Clark and Willie Miller.

We have dinner on the train, and it is late when we reach home. I am met by a friend, and together we bring the New Year in.

BILL HULLETT LOOKS IN.

SUNDAY—A happy New Year!

I go along to the club, where I have a chat with our trainer. Like myself he is disappointed about the game we played yesterday.

Written by a Player Who Has Been Capped 14 Times

Next Saturday is cup day and we hope to atone.

Home for dinner, and then I pack my case and set off for the station to catch the train for Harrogate, where we are going for special training. As the players and officials meet, New Year greetings are exchanged, and we settle down to play cards to pass the journey away.

We arrive in Harrogate after 8 p.m., and on reaching the hotel we are given our rooms, and then we have tea.

As we are taking our food, Bill Hullett, centre-forward of Plymouth, walks in, and we have a chat with him. Plymouth are staying at Harrogate preparing for their English Cup tie with Sunderland.

I have a walk round before turning in.

A FIGHT FAN'S "CRACK."

MONDAY—We are wakened at 9.15 a.m., and after breakfast walk up to Oakdale golf clubhouse, where we play billiards and snooker. Some play cards.

It looks as if we will get no golf at all. It is snowing heavily, and once again we have a snow fight. Our photographer who took pictures of us last time is here, and once again he gets some good ones.

We have lunch at the clubhouse cafe and the afternoon is spent playing cards. We also run a flying handicap at billiards, which I am fortunate to win.

It is 15 up, and you are not allowed to use a rest or chalk your cue. Our trainer and I contest the final, and he is unfortunate to chalk his cue when I am looking. So I have a walk-over.

Back to the hotel for tea, and at night I go to a nearby village called Knaresboro', where I attend a boxing match which is run by Mr Ernest Adamson. He has been running these shows for the past seven or eight years.

The fights are very keen, and the locals all seem to enjoy them. One of the fights seemed to be more of a wrestling match, and a lad caused a laugh shouting, "Partners for a waltz."

The show finishes shortly before 11 p.m., and so I get the bus back to Harrogate and so to bed.

AN EXTRA PLAYER.

TUESDAY—Our serious training starts. We are awake at 8.45 a.m. After breakfast we set off by taxis to the practice ground. It is frost-bound, and another player and I prefer to take to the road.

We run about four miles and then back to the ground, where we play a six-a-side game on a strip of ground beside the playing pitch.

We get a good sweat on, and then back to our hotel by taxi. When I have dressed I have a walk round the shops before returning for dinner

In the afternoon we walk as far as the football ground, where we watch the Plymouth team training. Jack Archer is among them. Jack has been recently signed from Coventry, and he is a former clubmate of mine.

Later on, we return to the hotel, where we have a game of darts and also table-tennis.

After tea, we go along to the pictures. The show is "The Devil's Party," and Victor M'Laglen and Wendy Barrie are the stars. I enjoy this film very much, and so do the majority of the boys.

During the show our trainer walks in with a player who has been sent by our directors in case he is selected for our team for Saturday. Back to the hotel, and after a light supper up to bed.

3 CUP TEAMS TOGETHER IN TRAINING

THREE CUP TEAMS TOGETHER.

WEDNESDAY — Our team selection has been left over till Saturday morning.

After breakfast we set off from the hotel and run to the football ground. It is snowing and not the least bit cold—remarkable weather.

We do a number of sprints, and then we have our usual six-a-side match which we all enjoy. In these matches the score does not count. It is the football that is the main thing—the first-time pass and no selfish play. We run back to the hotel, where we have our baths.

Bolton Wanderers are joining us at our hotel in the afternoon. This will make three teams doing their cup-tie training in Harrogate. It will be interesting to wait and see how the Harrogate air affects these teams.

There is quite a bit of excitement going on at our hotel. The staff are having a party, and some of our players are acting as waiters. There is to be a dance in the afternoon. So we should all have a good time as we have been invited to join in.

YOU CAN BEGIN THIS STORY TO-DAY

Lee Grisby Tells About His "Perfect Crime"

HIS PLAN WENT WRONG!

I had to make a getaway, or be a murderer. . . . Then the door opened, and Mrs Bannister appeared.

LAST WEEK'S CHAPTERS.

"SURE, I'd commit murder."

When **Larry Planter,** chauffeur to lawyer **Mr Bannister,** says that, he is just bluffing. But **Grisby,** his employer's partner, fastens on the words, and with cunning flattery makes even Larry believe he means them.

Then the lawyer comes away with an amazing scheme. He offers Larry five thousand dollars to stage a fake murder. Larry is to say he accidentally shot Grisby, then took fright and threw the body in the sea.

In this way, Grisby tells Larry, he (Grisby) will be able to make a fresh start in life, far from his nagging wife.

Larry does not fancy the idea, but in view of his rash words, and Grisby's promise that the police can do nothing to him until the body is found, he finally agrees.

Later, the chauffeur is witness to a quarrel between Bannister and his beautiful young wife, **Elsa.** The girl complains that her husband has grown bitter because of a war wound which has robbed him of the use of one leg—and startles Larry by asking her husband, "Have you ever thought you might be better off dead?"

CHAPTER SIX.

"WELL, did you think it over?" Grisby asked. He was absolutely overflowing with enthusiasm and good cheer.

I told him yes. Yes. I said, except that I couldn't think of any motive I'd have for killing him.

"Motive!" he said. "Is that all that's worrying you?"

He laughed. He patted me on the back. He was feeling good about something, all right.

It was dark—he'd stayed for dinner with the Bannisters. We were parked on a little hill just off the road leading to the station. Below was the swamp that ran beside the tracks, and over the swamp was a purple haze, damp and sticky.

I'd heard that the place was a breeding ground for rats, as bad as Rats Island off the Harbour. No one lived out at this end; Bannister's was one of the last houses before you hit the swamp, and it was some way back.

A few skeletons of buildings out on the dry places of the swamp showed where people had tried to make a go of it from time to time. They'd done everything to get rid of the rats, and the ruins told who had won. It was some place.

I said, "It's a cinch we can't use robbery. And what else is there? I'll have to tell them something, won't I?"

"The police? Sure. But who said anything about robbery?" His heavy brows worked up and down. "You just leave everything to me, didn't I tell you? Good old Lee Grisby—an answer for everything. And the answer here? Accident, my boy, accident."

"Accident!"

"Sure! Why not?"

I did some fast thinking.

"Well," I said, "it might be an accident, my plugging you, but what would I be doing throwing your body in the Sound?"

"That's simple. You've heard of hit-and-run drivers, haven't you?"

I blinked.

I said, "Now I suppose I'm to run over you, too. And then put a bullet through you. And then throw you in the Sound. Boy, you sure would be dead!"

He laughed again, really pleased. He said no, that wasn't the idea at all.

"The idea," he said, "is that you kill me accidentally. Then you get scared. You think maybe they won't believe you, or that there'll be hell to pay, or that even if you get off, you'll lose your job because of it. It's the same way driving, if you hit someone. Well, so you run. But in this case, you're going to take the precaution of disposing of the body."

"So I throw you in the Sound."

"Right. You're thinking this way. 'If I don't, the police will ask why I took him to that lonely spot, and not to the station, as ordered. They'll say I tried to rob him, he fought, and I killed him. No, better get the body out of the way. Then no one will be the wiser.'"

I was beginning to get scared all over again.

"What lonely spot?" I asked.

"The beach—Bannister's beach. Here's what happens. I come out to see Bannister. When I leave, you drive me to the station, just as usual. It's night, and we miss the train—we'll time it so we do."

"So far so good. But I still don't see how I happen to shoot you."

"I'm coming to that. Well, when we miss the train, we decide it's too hot to wait for the next one there at the station, so we go down to the beach to cool off.

"While we're waiting, we hear a sound. We think it might be a stick-up. You take the gun out of the side-pocket of the car—Bannister gave you one to carry, didn't he? That was my idea; I got him to do that. That just shows how careful I've been.

"All right. You start to get out of the car, to investigate, with the gun in your hand. The gun goes off, accidentally. It will, too, we'll see to that. Then you find I'm hit, get scared, and dump the body off the pier."

"But you said we'd have witnesses," I reminded him.

"Sure we will. We've got to have. Otherwise how could we make it look like I was dead? Without a body, that takes a bit of proving. People have to see us go down to the beach together. We'll make sure they do. Then people have to see **you** go back from the beach **alone.** That will be easy. There are always people around a beach on a hot night."

I couldn't think of anything to say.

"Later on, when the police start investigating, you'll break down and confess the accident. They'll check that. The witnesses will tell about us going down to the beach together and you going back alone. They'll tell about the shot. And everything will be just dandy."

"And supposing they don't believe it was an accident?"

"Don't be silly. I told you they couldn't hold you. Any dumb lawyer could get you out. But we covered all that, too. What else is there?"

"One big question is: When?"

Grisby took off his glasses and began wiping them with a crisp white handkerchief.

"When?" he said. "Soon. Very soon. Maybe to-morrow. Maybe to-morrow night."

He looked out where the moonlight ripped the haze over the swamp, thinking.

"You mean it?" I asked.

"Why not?"

I had to say it then, "It just doesn't seem that you've told me everything."

He kept on looking at me for a minute and then sank back. That gave me a chance to light a cigarette and pull myself together. I'd been scared for a minute there, I'll admit it. Now I felt all right again, and he seemed just like he always did.

"I can't think of anything I've left out," he said, "Unless—yes, of course. The five thousand. I don't blame you! Well, let's see. Bannister and his wife are going into town to-morrow. She's going shopping—you can drop her somewhere, leave him at the office and then run over to the bank with me. You can see me draw the money

out. In fact, I'll give you some in advance. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

"Oh, that part of it is all right. I didn't mean that."

"No? Then——"

"Well," I said, "it's the reason for all this. You said it was to get rid of your wife. You want her to think you're dead. That's all right; she won't give you a divorce, and if you want to get away from everything, anyway, like you said, why not?"

"That's your answer, isn't it? I tell you, Laurence, a man can stand only so much. Some jump off buildings, some join the Foreign Legion, but I have more imagination. I adopt a new and exciting identity and come up in the South Seas!"

"I know, and I'm all for it. I just don't see why you should go to all this trouble, and give me five thousand dollars, just to do that. What's to stop you from just going, I mean? She couldn't stop you, that's a cinch. And there's no law against it, that I know of."

He smiled.

"I said you were smart. You are. But do you suppose she'd let me desert her without a struggle? She'd follow me to the ends of the earth, just to make life miserable for me, if nothing else. No; better to make it final. Let her think I'm dead. Let everyone think I'm dead. Do the job up right."

It still seemed fishy to me, somehow, but I couldn't put my finger on it.

"I don't think I want to go through with it," I said.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

GRISBY'S TRUE STORY.

I HAD to see where I stood, for one thing. I wasn't half as sure of myself as I sounded. And as for that, I knew pretty well where I stood, too. Right behind the eight ball.

"Why, you can't back out now," he said.

He wasn't trying to scare me. It was a plain statement of fact, the way he said it.

I looked out over the swamp. The corners of my mouth were twitching. I didn't want him to see me that way.

"Why not?" I asked. My voice shook.

"'Why not?'" he echoed. "Man, use your head. Where would I be? You're in this thing and you've got to go through with it."

"I know, but——"

He laughed, but not like he usually did. This one gave me the shivers all over again.

"I thought you were tough. I thought you had your eye on the main chance. You're not going to break down and cry, are you? I'm not even asking you to **do** anything for the five thousand; just to make it **look** as though you'd killed me. Why, I could get the real thing done for a century note, or half that much."

"That's just it. It's like you said. You can get someone else to do it for nothing almost. Why give me five thousand?"

"Why not? I've taken an interest in you, I've got plenty of money to last me, you're doing me a favour, and after to-morrow night we'll probably never see each other again. So why figure there must be a catch to it?"

"I don't. I'm just not sure that's all there is to it."

He gave a snort. I was getting him mad, but I had to find out.

"You mean you're scared," he said. "A fine sailor you must have been. What kind of a ship were you on, anyway, a ferry boat? Look at your hands. They're shaking!"

I stuck to the point. "You haven't told me all of it."

"Why should I tell you anything? You'd break down and cry when the time came. You'd blab it all. You'd spill your guts the first chance you got." He looked me up and down. "Boy," he said, "you're a pip. How I ever came to think you had guts in the first place is a mystery to me."

"Nuts. You'd shake, too, if someone started that kind of talk with you. What is this? Of course I've got to know it all. I'd be in a sweet jam if I didn't and something went wrong. So would you be. But if you really feel that way about it, all right!"

I slammed in the clutch

"No, wait a minute."

He put a hand on my arm to stop me, and then I saw that he was smiling.

"Now you're talking sense," he said. "I didn't think I'd made a mistake in you, but I had to test you, didn't I? All right. Now I'll give it to you—both barrels."

When he did I almost collapsed.

"Everything I told you stands," he said. "I disappear. You go back to your work as though nothing had happened. The police come for you. They don't know about me yet, don't even know I've disappeared. It's too early for that."

"Then what are they coming after me for?"

He lowered his voice.

"They're coming for you for another killing—not mine."

I sucked in my breath. My ears were ringing. So that was it! **Another** killing. I knew there was a catch in it somewhere. This was it!

Grisby ran on:

"They question you—accuse you of the murder. You break down under their grilling. As far as you're concerned, it's anything to get out of the rap. You take a long chance. You prove you **couldn't** have done the other by **confessing to killing me.** I said you'd be anxious to prove it when the time came. Here's why. By proving you killed **me**—accidentally, just as we planned it—you prove you couldn't have done the other."

"Why not?"

"Because that will be twenty miles away, at about the same time. Well, then they'll drop the other—they'll have to, you can see that—and try to get you for killing me. Do you follow? And of course they can't get to first base there because they can't produce the body. So you're free and you've got five thousand dollars salted away that they can't touch."

I said, "Why would they figure I'd killed someone twenty miles away?"

"Because I'll see that they do. I'll see that they think it's a lead-pipe cinch that

By

SHERWOOD KING

you did it. **That's** what you're getting your five thousand for. First, to throw them off the track. Second, to establish the fact of my death."

I gulped.

"But don't worry," he said. "I could leave your cap—hell, I could leave your picture there—and they still couldn't do anything. Not so long as you can prove that you were killing me and dumping me off the pier, and can account for your time afterwards.

"Now do you see? Your part is simple and foolproof. You're safe every minute of the time and you don't have to slap anyone's wrist, even, to get your five thousand."

"You mean **you're** going to be killing someone—twenty miles away—while I'm supposed to be killing you?"

"At about the same time, yes."

"How will you do that?"

"That's easy. Speedboat—East River. I've clocked it. I can get from the beach out here to where I want to go—the foot of Wall Street—in twenty-five to thirty minutes. The reason is, it's shorter and faster by water than it is by land."

"Oh."

"Now you know the real reason for my wanting to be dead, as far as the police are concerned. How can I be off killing someone else if I'm dead myself and at the bottom of the Sound? Of course, being dead also frees me from my wife, which I want, and lets me go down to the South Seas, which I want, and lets me get hold of a nice little sum, which I want."

I got my wind.

I said, "Who—who's the one you——"

He narrowed his eyes and leaned forward until his face was close to mine. He gripped my arm—hard. Then he spoke quickly, in a low tone.

"Bannister."

CHAPTER EIGHT.

THE NEW GARDENER.

TWENTY minutes later I was back in my room, shaking like I had the palsy.

I was getting out of there. Fast. If I didn't go now it would be too late. There wouldn't be any backing down. He'd get me, too, just as he'd said he would. I'd be a dead one. I knew it.

I started furiously cramming everything I had into a duffle bag. I hadn't much.

It was about eleven o'clock. Hot and still. They wouldn't be wanting the car any more until morning. By then I'd be far away.

A breeze was up off the Sound. It came in through the window and rustled things.

I looked out and saw the water. Far off the lights of a ship moved out to the open sea.

Then I knew what I was going to do—sign back on a ship—go to sea!

I was packed. There wasn't a thing to hold me. I thought of going and telling Bannister the whole thing. He'd been swell to me. But I didn't want to go. I didn't want any part of it.

I slung the duffle over my shoulder.

A knock came at the door. My heart leaped.

Grisby!

But it couldn't be—it couldn't! I'd seen him take the train, just a little while before. Who, then? For a panicky moment I thought maybe it was the police already.

"Who's there?" I called.

"May I come in?" A slurred voice—one I didn't know.

It was a young fellow I'd never seen before. He was stoop-shouldered, slack-jawed, with watery blue eyes and smoky grey hair that didn't go with the rest of him. He was wearing pleated grey slacks and a blue polo shirt.

"You Larry Planter?" he asked.

I nodded.

"Why?"

"My name's Broome," he said. "I'm the new gardener. They told me you'd fix me up. Mind if I sit down?"

"Not at all. You found your room?"

"Oh, yes; Mrs Bannister showed me."

He sat down on the edge of the bed and began to roll a cigarette.

"She's a honey," he said.

He fired up and leaned back like he was going to spend the night.

I sat down at my desk and lighted up, too. I was plenty jittery still, but I didn't know how to get rid of the guy.

"Nice room you got here. Mine's a little small." His room was down the hall, at the end. There were only the two rooms.

"But I'm glad for the job, I sure am."

"Been a gardener long?"

"Well, not a plain gardener, no. I studied landscape architecture for years. But take my advice—don't ever get in it. Business is rotten. You don't look like a chauffeur."

"I'm not; but I've always monkeyed with cars. What does a chauffeur look like?"

"I mean, you look too smart. No offence."

"Oh, no. I was just curious."

He looked at the books and the papers on the writing desk.

"You write?"

"Some."

"Boy, I could sure give you a lot of good material. I've run into some mighty funny situations, going around. Mostly out at these rich Long Island places. Take this one. You can see plain as the wart on my face"—he had one, too—"that Bannister is poison to his wife. I'll just bet she'd be willing to play, given half a chance."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.

THE NORTHERN SECTION IS DIFFERENT!

says JOHN STEELE

(Barnsley and ex-Ayr United inside forward).

WHEN Mr Angus Seed, the Barnsley manager, signed me from Ayr last June he said to me, "I think you will find it easier playing in the Northern Section than in the First Division here." He was correct.

The standard of football generally in the Scottish First Division is higher than in the Northern Section. There is more along-the-ground football at home. More man-to-man moves and less kick and rush football.

I expected that, but I didn't expect one rather startling discovery. It is that several of the Northern Section teams I've played against would, I think, hold their own with many of the First Division teams at home. Two teams which have impressed me particularly are Doncaster Rovers and Southport.

Even Celtic or Rangers wouldn't have it all their own way against these two teams on the form they showed when I played against them.

We drew with Doncaster. It was the hardest fight I've ever had for a point. The Doncaster players worked smoothly and combined perfectly. Every man was a quick-thinker.

Kilourhy, their inside-forward, caught my eye especially. Kilourhy was like lightning in his movements. He was always ready and quick to shoot and he had bad luck several times with his shots.

For hard fighting and combined effort Doncaster took the cake in that match. When we played Southport they also deserved the cake—for their pure football. Southport blended with polish.

One Southport player stood right out. Len Newcomb, the half-back. I didn't notice him send one haphazard pass. He linked up with his forwards every time he parted with the ball.

I've less work to do with Barnsley than when I was with Ayr.

Every man is playing well. Norman Bronskill and Jack Logan don't often need help from we inside-men. They are pushing balls through to us nearly all the time. Johnny Lang and myself are able to lie well up and help Beau Asquith with the goal-scoring.

Lang and myself always try to get the ball through to Asquith in a similar way. A quick pass, which leaves Asquith on the centre-half's left side—usually his "wrong" side.

We had a joy day with this move against Darlington. Asquith scored five goals, Smith, the Darlington centre-half, could do little good with him. Lang and myself got a goal apiece, too.

Apart from giving me easier football, Barnsley have also changed my style. With Ayr I was selfish. I liked to hold on to the ball and work out my own salvation. This style suited the slower Scots game. But with Barnsley the quick-pass is the game. I get rid much quicker now—and feel better for it. This new game has quickened and livened me up.

The training at Barnsley has also helped to liven me up. At Ayr I trained on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays only. At Barnsley I train every day except match days and Sundays. The Barnsley training is more intensive and comprehensive, too.

I'd like to thank the Northern Section crowds. Up to now I've found them much more fair-minded than those at home.

I've had an occasional off-game with Barnsley, but I've never been barracked for it. I can't say the same for Scotland.

I'm very happy being a Barnsley player. If we win promotion I'll be happier still.

Here's the Kind of NEW MEN I Build!

Do YOU Want to Be One?

..And I'll PROVE in Just 7 DAYS I Can Make YOU One!

MEN—meet J. G. O'Brien, one of my Silver Cup Winners. A smashing example of what my *Dynamic Tension* can do! Look at that strong neck, those broad, handsome, perfectly-proportioned shoulders, that muscled chest and stomach. Read what he says: "It seems only a few days ago that I posted you that coupon. Look at me NOW! Dynamic Tension works like magic. These seven days certainly proved you can make a fellow a NEW MAN — right in the privacy of his own home. I'm proud of the natural, easy way you have made me an "Atlas Champion"!

Do *you* want a prize-winning body like this? Are *you* fed up with having no strength, no vigour, being only HALF-ALIVE? Then listen:

You'll See and Feel Results In One Week

That's all I ask—SEVEN DAYS! In the FIRST WEEK I'll absolutely PROVE that I can give you, too, the kind of body men respect and women admire! You will actually see and feel the improvement in even this short time.

And, as the weeks go by, you will see yourself transformed into a NEW MAN—a stronger, healthier and more handsome man!

I was once a skinny, timid weakling of only seven stones. I didn't know what real health or strength were. I was afraid to fight, ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit.

Then I discovered the amazing secret that changed me, like magic, into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"—the title I won *twice* and have held *ever since* against all comers. My secret is Dynamic Tension. It is the tested, *natural* method of developing you *inside and out*! It not only can give YOU the powerful, rippling muscles you'd like to see in your own mirror . . . it *also* digs down into your system after such needless joy-killing conditions as ordinary constipation, pimples, indigestion, under-weight and over-weight.

My *Dynamic Tension* method will make a NEW MAN of you in double-quick time—and I'm ready to PROVE it to you in a seven-day TRIAL OFFER. Unless you get results in the first week it costs you absolutely NOTHING!

GAINED 18 LBS.

"My chest has improved beyond all expectations, as have my arms, and I have gained 18 lbs. in weight."—R. G. W., Chelmswood

6 INS. ON CHEST.

"A Territorial Army Doctor described me as being in perfect health, congratulated me on my massive build and marvellous proportions. At the beginning of your course I weighed 10 st., chest (normal 36 ins., biceps 11½ ins.. Now weigh 11 st., chest (normal) 42 ins., biceps 13¼ ins. Constipation, headaches and giddiness now all gone, thanks to you."—E. S., Sunningdale, Berks.

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.....

THREE CLUBS — THREE PLAYERS ——

They Take the Honours for the New Year

MAN WHO MEANT MUCH TO EVERTON

LUTON TOWN STARS IN DEFEAT

The head of the man whose foot count so much. It is Alex. Stevenson, of Everton.—"He can 'make' any winger," says Fuse.

BY FUSE

THE opening cup round provided us with fine samples of the chances of the minor fry. That is the beauty of these cup results. The majesty of Division One is lost. Gradings count for naught.

❁ ❁ ❁

I AM going to put three clubs into the honours list for the New Year. They are bracketed together in my mind because each of the three has the same meritorious ring. Gentlemen of Walsall, Ipswich and Everton, I salute you. You have produced historic successes—Ipswich drawing at Aston Villa's ground is "success" no matter what happens in the replay. You may fancy other clubs among the many great deeds of Saturday, but these are the three whose feats specially intrigue me.

❁ ❁ ❁

SOME clubs have cup blood in their veins. Sheffield United, for one, and certainly Yeovil and Walsall for others. Walsall, not so long ago, lighted up their path with an epoch-making win over Arsenal. Now, a win to Walsall at Newport is a stunning performance because Newport, in the hands of Manager McCandless, have been brought to a high art and altitude. Newport had become one of the safest homers.

❁ ❁ ❁

THE greatest First Division victory was Everton's at Derby. Before the game I wrote that if Stevenson could be got right Everton could take revenge for the loss of three league points to Derby. By Friday most people said the Irishman would not play. Happily, the club had word at the last minute to say "Mickey Mouse will be there"—that is Stevenson's nickname among these cheery fellows. So the third time paid for all for Everton.

❁ ❁ ❁

BOYES, who nodded the goal which sent Derby out of gear for the cup, took some time to settle at Everton. But his enthusiasm, his skill, his daring and darting no one could ever deny, and he soon learned what other wingers by his side had learned—that Stevenson can "make" a winger.

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I PUT it to the world that the three meetings between the league leaders and their next-of-rung rivals have been three model games, well-handled, and played in the best sporting spirit. The tendency to run amok in the heat of such games is in-bred in all of us, yet Derby and Everton never lost their sporting character.

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MERCER, of Everton, proved in this great cup-tie that he is the champion mudlark of the season. Derby's hopes went down when this leggy player stepped in to save a goalkeeper who was not at hand. Mercer has always played fascinating football, full of swerving, big-striding attacks from half-back. Now on the right wing he is capable of holding down a position held for years by the brilliant Britton, and his game is all the better for his improved distribution of the ball.

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SHEFFIELD UNITED took their revenge for the trick Blackpool served on them years ago when they sold their ground right and won at Sheffield. Now United have turned the tables and their manner of doing it was noteworthy.

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FULL BACK HOOPER, groggy after an injury, and feeling unlike anything but a passenger, continued at his job, although out of position. And he was the hero who scored the equalising goal, aided by that always devastating-striding winger, Harold Barton, who has cup blood in his veins.

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THE dramatic touch is noticed here because Harold Barton is a Blackpool boy, and was trained by Quinn, the former Blackpool forward, and by Jack Cox, the famous winger of old-time, who now looked on the man he had sponsored and witnessed his great help in making Sheffield's win. Barton once scored four goals at Chesterfield as centre-forward for Liverpool.

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LEWIS, another cast-off from the Merseyside city, took a goal lead to make the Blackpool spectators think the team had found its punch, as contrasted with the finesse-without-finish that had passed for attack so long this season. Hooper's injury, and the wearing down of a goal lead made Sheffield's performance really noteworthy.

Jack Hargreaves, Leeds left winger, a young fellow making great progress.

Redfern, Luton—"an inside forward who impressed me greatly," says Fuse.

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I MUST pay tribute to Runcorn for their bright effort in high society. Mayson opened with a goal, but Preston are hardy cup fighters, and Mutch and Dougal got to work upon the home defence and thus a shock result was overcome.

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THIS is the view of famous players, such as Preston, in games of this kind. One of them said to me, "These games give you a hiding to nothing. If you win you are told you ought to beat a side of that kind, and if you lose you instantly become ragged by friends and critics. We are always glad to meet teams of our own station. These smaller fry are still eleven-strong and there is no reason why they should not find their form the day we lose ours for just one hour and a half."

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STOCKPORT COUNTY'S win was the more notable because Barnsley, redoubtable cup-fighters, were at home. Cardiff City, too, take our big hand because of their win against Charlton Athletic. Shades of Spurs v. Cardiff and all the other age-old cup dramas enacted on the Ninian Park ground!

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NEWCASTLE UNITED, heroes of many final ties, are evidently not worried by away games, and their win at Brentford sends their stock rising. When Tommy Mather was at Stoke he used to cajole his players into a cup streak not common to their league standing. Here he is working the same oracle, aided by the brainy, subtle and substantial help of Stan Seymour, a well-travelled football and business man, nowadays on Newcastle United's board of directors.

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LET me introduce you to the three finest young inside forwards I have seen in any team outside the Derby cracks. They are also in my New Year's honours list. Their names will not be well known to you, maybe, but you can take my testimonial. BILLINGTON, centre-forward; REDFERN, inside-right, tall and unusual; and CONNELLY, a little bit of football heaven from Scotland. These three made Luton Town's loss of 3-0 at Liverpool a completely false result.

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LUTON had been the better team first-half, and after Balmer had started—as per my forecast in these notes—to collect valued goals early second-half, Luton got all the home lot on defence for half an hour. It was near time when Paterson, a sprightly boy from Inverness sailed into a goal account on his own.

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THE making of this goal was tragic. Dunsmore, a truly grand back, worthy highest company, believed he had to punt the "dead" ball to a place further up the field for an offside offence which had been signalled. But, actually, he was on the right spot and his casual delivery of that ball was recognised as the free-kick being taken. Dunsmore knew it not. His simple punt up was taken by a rival forward and in no time Luton were two down, Balmer winding up with another goal right on the closing of a noteworthy day's play by Luton Town.

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I COMMEND the names of Connelly, Redfern and Billington to all managers as a New Year's gift. For years I have steeled myself against recommending players seen in cup, friendly or international displays, as these games can be misleading. I have no fear about the three inside forwards named, at a time when the football world is crying aloud for inside forwards of merit.

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REDFERN'S case is strange. Two seasons ago I told you the best player in Ireland was a Welshman, who had been schooled with Marine—the Liverpool amateur side. Redfern, of Connah's Quay, had to go to Ireland to prove his football worth before Luton got him. He has a fine conception of using the ball by flicks of the foot.

Mainly About Players

He Played With Hardy, Scott, Riley, But Famous International Says

This Is The Best 'Keeper I've Ever Seen

By FUSE

GOALKEEPER KEMP, of Liverpool, was in a mood in the cup-tie against Luton not seen any time previously.

When Kemp came from South Africa to understudy his compatriot, Riley, a famous international full back said, "This may sound exaggeration. I am not given to hoisting any players to the skies, but here is the best goalkeeper I have ever seen—and don't forget, I played with all the best, Hardy, Riley, Scott, and so on. Kemp is the man to whom I refer."

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I FELT this was too much to swallow. Kemp started well; his debut at Burnley led to the highest praise. Then an injury or two and a jittery pick-up led folk to imagine he had lost touch with his best form. His club looked out for a new goalkeeper.

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NOW Kemp has given a display which must make his confidence secure for the season. Luton tested him six times with shots of strength, accuracy and merit. He saved them all in fluent manner and kept his side in the cup.

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BRYN JONES, so much in the public eye in the last ten months, came back to the Arsenal first team for the cup game against Chelsea. Bryn has been a luckless fellow in recent months. He was the "victim" of the highest fee ever paid for a player, and everyone in London thought the fee meant that he would be Alex. James the second, which, probably, there will never be, if they pay one hundred thousand pounds.

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BRYN'S trouble is Arsenal's trouble. You see, he is due to be the man in "No Man's Land" just as was Alex., but when James did his work he had young and fast wingers to ply, and middle forwards who could carry on where he left off. Moreover, he had what few forwards have—a capacity for flinging a ball from the right touchline to near the left touchline. How many forwards can do that at any part of the game? Alex. James could do it from start to finish of a game!

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NOW Bryn Jones is keying-up behind the forward line, but his trouble is the fellows in front cannot take on where he leaves off. So the whole Arsenal attacking machinery has become clogged. I don't think the machinery would be helped by playing Bryn in a reserve team one week only and then calling him up for a cup-tie of the Chelsea nature. Maybe, Manager Allison reckoned Bryn had but to get the taste of a goal—as he got against West Ham Reserves—to recapture his shooting, which had left him out of the goals-department since early October. I wish him and his club the best of luck in the endeavour to trace lost form.

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WE must keep up with the juniors of this football game, because nowadays they grow them so young and transfer them so quickly. In some cases they are no sooner hailed as world-beaters and given league baptism than they are out of the team, and another one steps up.

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TWO juniors of special concern and pleasure to me are likely to stay put in the fine sporting atmosphere of Leeds United. So I want to discourse about them for a moment. Manager Bob Hampson rubs his hands which he sees these two boys playing.

Guarding the goal of Blackburn, top Second Division club, is JIM BARRON.

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NAMES—Leslie Thompson, centre half-back, a local boy making good. Has no less than 12st. to carry him through his pivotal task, together with 5ft. 9in. of height. Not a bad picking for pivot to follow Tom Holley (himself a big man) in time to come.

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SECOND—an office boy at the moment named Short, an inside forward of 5ft. 11in. in height and 11st. 6lb. of poundage. Comes from Low Fell, which is Gateshead way. Short could be put to the topping teams now, but Mr Hampson has no false notions about what happens to boys who are rushed too soon into the stress of the senior game.

He says, "Short is employed in the office and is but 16 years old. If he keeps a sensible outlook on football and business life he is going to make his mark in the game. People talk glibly of a second Hughie Gallacher, a second Hibbs, a second Charlie Buchan, but I am content to believe these take a long time to grow to full football life. I am content to visualise the day, seasons ahead, when Short will be likened to Charlie Buchan, because then I feel I shall be justified in saying 'Now this is Buchan the second.'"

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LEEDS are having a grand season. They have a splendid Supporters' Club, and their work with programmes, &c., shows an advance upon previous hauls, so everything at Leeds just now is going strong. The team is playing better to-day than it played in September or October, and that is saying a good deal.

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FROM Correspondent A. Hicks, of Dartford, Kent, comes another of his most interesting contributions to this column. From his enclosed cutting I gather the Chinese still find time to play football, and their names include Kwang Loo, Bamtoco, Tung Wen and Vimex. They play our ships' men, and H.M.S. Kent beat Ltdo, the crack Chinese eleven, with a penalty-kick. The first-half is described as of 70 minutes' duration—that's a new one on me. Chinese footballers visited England two and a half years ago and they found our grounds very holding, but the little men were very good sports.

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MR HICKS says he saw Wolves put it across Charlton 4-0 and he says they are the fastest team in the league. He thought they would crack up, but they continued on and on. True, Mr Hicks, Wolves, on the score of pace and alertness in thought and action, are well nigh unbeatable, yet the forwards do not always get a goal-mood on them.

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AS Mr Hicks says, "Some day the English F.A. selectors will go the whole hog and put Bartram in goal, John Oakes at half, and Tadman as England's leader." Yes, Tadman continues to improve. He has now been long with Charlton, and Mr James Seed considers him worthy a cap, although realising he cannot hope for that just now and until Lawton drops out through lack of form or injury. Westcott would also come into the picking because he has grown better and better.

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WORD from a good source in Scotland tells me Third Lanark are just now in touch with a Lancashire First Division club regarding a signing. Third Lanark are very friendly with this club and I think it must be Carabine, who is to be the medium of this club's first real plonker of the season. Gates have been good with them, results have been kind, and probably Liverpool feel it would be better to spend a bit now rather than enter the market late on towards the middle of March and pay through the nose.

LEN TOWNSEND, a young centre-forward, recently given his big chance with Brentford. Shaping well, and scoring!

GREAT THRILL STORIES OF A SMART COP

ADVENTURES of P.C. CONWAY

By L. H. HART

THE SHADOW IN THE MIRROR

A GIRL IN THE BLAZE.

THOUGH it was hardly eight o'clock, the streets round the warehouse district that ended my beat were as dark and quiet as if it had been midnight.

I was testing a padlock on a yard gate when I began to get the idea something was wrong. Hang me for a ham if I couldn't smell smoke!

No sooner had I turned the corner past an old rope factory than I saw the fire going full blast.

Flames were licking out of the bottom of a six-storey warehouse. Through what was left of the windows I could see the whole ground floor was just a blazing shell.

Just as I turned on my heel, meaning to sprint for a police box a hundred yards away, I saw a window on the second floor push open.

What I saw made my flesh crawl. A hand reached out, groped over the wooden sill, then fell back, inch by inch, as if the owner had tried to climb out, but had fainted.

Like flies to a jampot, a couple of young sters came racing up to view the fire. Bill Adams was on point duty not two minutes away, so I chased the kids off to him to raise the alarm.

When they'd gone I raced for the drain-pipe that crawled up the warehouse wall like a thin black line.

As ladders go, that pipe was terrific. Only the hours I'd put in at B Division's gym kept me going.

By the time I'd reached the second store, window and dragged myself into the cubby hole of an office, my chest was heaving till it was a wonder all the buttons hadn't burst off my tunic.

I brushed the perspiration from my eyes, and stooped to get a hold on the person I'd come to rescue. My helmet almost toppled off. I was so surprised.

Not because she was a girl—but because she was tied up!

With my flashlight turned on her, I saw blood on her wrist, where she'd managed to pull one hand free and open the window. After that, the poor kid had fainted.

Half a minute's examination of the big storeroom outside showed me it was hopeless trying to reach the ground by the stairs. The room below had well caught.

With a crash, the bottom part of the goods lift collapsed. Plumes of bright yellow flames surged up the shaft, came licking towards me, crisping the hair that showed at the side of my helmet.

Another minute of that place, and my hopes of ever reaching the C.I.D. would figure no further than a half-inch in the local death column.

With the girl over my shoulder, I stumbled for the stairs that led up to the next floor. Down below, I kept hearing explosions, as if drums of oil were going off. My forehead crinkled. The fire had all the signs of being set off deliberately.

By the time I'd got the girl out on to the roof, I could just about crawl. Revived by the cool sweet air, she opened her eyes, and struggled to a sitting position. When she saw how high up she was, she screamed a little, and dug her fingers into the slates.

I gave the girl a smile to show how brave I was feeling, and started to help her to the end of the whole block, where I could see an iron fire escape fastened to the side wall.

It landed us in a quiet little place about twenty yards away from the street that was all jammed up with excited people watching the firemen try to put the blaze out.

She leaned against a set of rusty iron railings that cut off the stone steps that led down to a cellar entrance. Now it was all over, she looked almost ready to faint again, so I gave her shoulder a friendly pat.

"If you'll tell me where you live, miss, I'll get you home. Unless you'd like to come along to the station first."

She made an effort to pull herself together. "I'm Joyce Merril. I was working late in there—oh, it's so terrible!"

Her hands flew to her face. She didn't notice her bag had dropped to the ground. Just as I picked it up, somebody rammed a foot in the middle of my back.

There were seven steps down to that cellar door, and my spine hit every one, each time more painful than the last. My head crashed against the steel door, and only my reinforced helmet stopped my skull from cracking open like a rotten melon.

Cursing like an Afghan with somebody pulling at his beard, I tried to get on my feet. Pain stabbed through my left ankle, and I fell down again.

By the time I'd hauled myself out, Joyce Merril was nowhere to be seen. All that was left to show I'd ever met her was her bag in my hand. Somehow, in all the rough and tumble, I'd still kept hold of it.

THE SHADOW IN THE MIRROR.

WHEN I reported at the station, Sergeant Baines jerked up in his seat, and started nibbling at the end of his moustache. His slaty-coloured eyes ranged up and down my length, as if he were blaming me for everything, the fire included.

"No ordinary fire could have got a hold so quickly, sir," I told him. "This was deliberate arson—attempted murder, too, for the culprit must have left the girl there to burn, probably because she'd seen him setting the fire."

Baines chewed his moustache some more. "You think this fire-bug hung around, waiting to see if the girl was properly trapped?" he said at last. "When he saw you'd managed to rescue her, he got scared in case the girl talked too much, so he tricked you, and made off with her."

I nodded, wishing Baines wouldn't keep on eyeing me as if everything was my fault.

"You get along to a doctor with that foot, Conway," Baines said, as near kindly as his nature allowed. "You can't go hobbling round your beat like that. I'll send out a relief for you."

All my visions of working on the case and bringing it to a smart finish by capturing the fire-bug melted like salt in water.

Even if I'd rescued Joyce Merril to start with, I'd had to make an ass of myself, by losing her again. She was an important witness. Or was she? Perhaps the fire-bug had murdered her by now, to keep her mouth shut. I felt my blood turn to chilling splinters. I went back to my lodgings.

Marsha, Harry Taylor's sparkling young wife, who looked after me and her husband better than either of us had ever been looked after before, gave me some adhesive plaster, and I strapped up my groggy ankle till it was as good as new—almost.

In "civvies," I hurried back to the station house, and hung about outside.

I'd a pretty good idea Detective Watts would be assigned to the Joyce Merril case. When I saw him walk into the street, pull-

ing thoughtfully at a cigarette, I made across to him.

"What in thunder are you up to, Conway?" he asked curiously. "Baines told me he'd laid you off duty—crocked ankle or something."

"I stopped a girl from being murdered," I told Watts shortly. "Ten minutes after that, the killer got hold of her again. Do you think I could go home to sleep, with that on my mind? Whether Baines likes it or not, I'm back on the job."

Watts knocked the ash off his cigarette, and gave me a side-glance as we moved away

"I want you to go round to Joyce Merril's flat and see what you can find out. It's an angle that has to be checked, Conway So far, we don't know who the fire-bug is. We're only guessing he's the girl's employer, Johnson.

"Mind you, it seems very likely, since Baines checked up on him and found out he owns practically every business concern in the burned warehouse, under one name or another. He stands to rake in a tidy pile of insurance over it. Now you beat it to the girl's place, and meet me later outside Johnson's flat in Rushdean Street."

Joyce Merril's flat was on the second floor of a great new concrete building. Nobody saw me use one of my skeleton keys in her door, which was a good job for both of us—her reputation as a nice girl, and mine as a policeman with a proper regard for rules and regulations.

For a couple of minutes, I felt a fool for searching it at all. Watts was a thorough devil, a regular stickler for routine, but this was one job where I thought he was being too thorough

No sooner had I pulled open a drawer in the dressing-table in her bedroom, than I saw a thick blue envelope. Written on it neatly "For police use, in case of my disappearance."

I was so surprised at what I had found, I didn't even hear the man come sneaking in behind me. The first thing I knew of his presence was a shadow darkening the mirror on the dressing-table.

I whirled round fast—just in time to stop a heavy vase with my forehead. Something like a six inch shell seemed to explode in my head. Everything blurred in front of my eyes.

When my legs started to fold under me like paper, I made a grab for the dressing-table, but all I did was clutch at a bottle

It was the smack with which my shoulders hit the floor that jarred some sense into me. For a split second, as he made for the door with the important letter, I caught a glimpse of the man who had attacked me

There was nothing about him I could recognise, just a dark hat and coat like thousands of men might wear

I tried to throw myself after him, but my ankle gave way The pain of it blurred a film over my eyes. As I sprawled on my knees I threw the bottle I was still holding

It hit the fellow in the small of the back, doing no more good than making him slam the door a bit quicker

Still dizzy from the way my head had stopped the vase, I managed to haul myself to my feet again

A swell detective Clyde Conway had turned out. From start to finish, I'd fumbled everything. The men who look over the applications for Scotland Yard had only to hear about this case, and they'd condemn me for ever to pounding a beat

"I BRANDED HIM."

JOHNSON, owner of the warehouse that had gone up in smoke lived in a suite of rooms in an apartment house that was like a setting from a Hollywood super film

Watts was standing in the wide entrance when I got there his stocky figure hunched gloomily He joined me in the street.

"Johnson's out,' he said "Been out all evening, so the girl at the switchboard says, and she ought to know, since she can see everybody that goes in or out."

He whistled when he noticed the purpling lump on my forehead, whistled again when I told him how I'd got it.

"That just about crowns the lot," he declared sourly. "Not that I expected anything like that to happen for a minute" He broke off at a tangent, hard eyes searching my face. "What's to stop Johnson from murdering Joyce Merril now? She's the only one who can prove he's guilty."

"Your do your own guessing," I snapped, feeling my shoulders crawl as I thought of anything happening to the girl. "It's my opinion Johnson daren't harm her yet. That trick of leaving her in the fire was swell from his point of view. He couldn't have been blamed. Now, he can, and if he murders the girl at all, he'll have to do it so it can't be traced to him. That'll take time."

Watts lit a cigarette, and flipped the match at a black cat crawling about in the gutter

"We're in a fine position for getting hold of Johnson, when we don't know what he looks like "

"Why not go back to the fire?" I suggested. "He may be there, talking to the salvage men, trying to build up an alibi for himself"

The street where the burned warehouse was still smouldering was jammed with spectators. Watts and I looked at the mob, then at each other. Nothing less than a tank could have forced a way through them, to get to the salvage men.

Just as I was urging Watts to make a wedge with me, so we could cleave a way to the front, I saw a tall man slip away from the crowd on the far side of the street. He was in a hurry, but I saw enough of him as he passed under a street lamp to bring the colour rushing to my face.

"That bloke over there! I'm certain he's the man who knocked me out at Joyce Merril's flat. For the love of Mike—we've lost him! He's got a cab."

"Lost him be damned!" snapped Watts, breaking into a run. "There's another cab coming. Hop in."

That was one thing I liked about Watts. He didn't stop to argue. All that worried him just then was where the taxi in front was heading to.

The only answer to that was to keep on following it, which we did, to a semi-detached villa on the edge of the town.

The man we'd chased had just keyed his way into the dark hall, when Watts touched him on the shoulder

"Just a minute. We'd like a word with you."

Light from a street lamp splashed on to the man's face, and what I saw of it I liked it as much as a lonely Christmas.

Sallow and lantern jawed, something like a bilious wolf, with cruel little eyes that narrowed to slits as he saw me behind Watts

I don't understand. What is it? What do you two want"

"We're police officers investigating the [illegible] of a girl named Joyce Merril," Watts said smoothly. "We've a good idea you can give us some news about her, Mr Johnson"

Without the least warning, Johnson exploded into action. He lashed out with his foot, and swept Watts' legs from under him

Watts yelled, and crashed to the ground his arms tangling round me as if he was doing his best to pull me with him.

While I was trying to struggle free Johnson swung for my face; a ring on his little finger slashed my cheek like a knife

He grinned as I fell forward, and kicked at my head. I felt his shoe graze my forehead, whirling my cap away

Rat poison was too good for a devil like that. I threw myself forward, got my arms round his waist, shifted them to a grip a smart little Jap had taught me, and bent Johnson's back till his spine almost cracked and he fainted

We had to carry him out to the taxi, and he was still wondering what had happened when we reached the station; for that was where we'd gone.

Joyce Merril went, too, minus the adhesive tape that had been round her wrists and ankles and mouth when we had found her in one of the bedrooms.

Baines was too occupied with Joyce Merril's statement to start burning me up for disobeying orders and staying on the job when I should have been resting up.

"So it's true, then, that Johnson tried to leave you to burn to death, because you'd seen him start the fire in his own warehouse?"

Joyce nodded, looking at Johnson where he was huddled on a bench as if she'd have liked to have driven burning splinters up his nails.

"It all started with my brother. He used to work for Johnson, till he was framed for embezzling company funds that Johnson himself stole.

"When Harry was sent to jail, I changed my name, and since Johnson didn't know me, got a job with him. I hoped to spy on him and some way find out how he'd put the blame on Harry for that embezzlement.

"That was how I happened to see Johnson fire his warehouse to-night; there was supposed to have been a lot of valuable silk in it, on which he'd have collected a fortune in insurance."

Joyce moistened her lips. "I was always scared Johnson might find out who I was and try to harm me. That's why I always left a letter in my rooms, in case I disappeared. When Johnson ran off with me again, after Constable Conway had rescued me from the fire, Johnson found out about the letter He went back for it, so nothing could be proved against him."

A shadow darkened the mirror. I whirled round fast—just in time to stop a heavy vase with my forehead!

"There's one thing I don't understand," Baines said, looking sharply at me. "You had no more idea than the man in the moon what Johnson looked like. No more had Watts, there. Yet you managed to pick him out of all the crowd watching the fire. How did you do it, Conway?"

For the first time since I'd known him there was a flicker of admiration in Baines' slaty eyes.

"I branded him, that's why," I grinned. "When Johnson knocked me out at Miss Merril's flat, the only thing I could do to him was hit him with a bottle He didn't know it, but the cork came out, and the stuff spilled all down the back of his coat.

Take a look at it. Lord, how could I miss picking him out when the stuff in the bottle was hydrogen peroxide, and it bleached a patch as big as a kettle on the back of his dark coat?"

—

P.-C. Conway comes up against a gang of jewel thieves next week—which is just too bad for the thieves! Don't miss this complete adventure!

SPECIAL REPLY—HOW TO CONQUER SHYNESS

DEAR SENTINEL,—I am 16 years old and rather shy, which is a great hindrance to me.

I find it difficult to make conversation with strangers, or even with my own college pals and relatives. I would be very grateful if you could give me advice to cure this complaint.—

Yours truly, WORRIED (Fleetwood).

DEAR WORRIED—The secret of your difficulty lies in the fact that you try to "make conversation." This is rarely successful, for conversation should be natural and spontaneous.

If talk does not come readily, then it is much better to be silent. You know the old tag about "opening your mouth and putting your foot in it." You will feel less awkward if you keep your mouth shut more.

"SEEN AND NOT HEARD."

Children are generally so noisy and talkative that they have to be checked and told to be quiet. Our grandparents made a rule of this and insisted that children "be seen and not heard."

Immediately one gets into one's 'teens, cocksureness (in some cases at least) tends to disappear and give place to shyness and self-consciousness. The growing lad begins to suspect that he knows less than he thought, and is afraid to venture an opinion lest he make a mistake.

Combined with this, he is much too interested in himself and his own affairs. All those things are responsible for shyness and nervousness, which fortunately are temporary.

Do not be ashamed of them or worry about them. Be natural, as you were when a boy, and let people take you as you really are and not as you would like to be. They will appreciate you more than you think.

Douglas (Manchester).—Wash at least twice a day with very hot water, good toilet soap, and plenty of rubbing. Dry equally vigorously and then dust on a little Fissan powder. At bedtime apply this lotion: Boracic acid, ichthyol, of each 1 drachm, prepared calamine, zinc oxide of each 3 drachms; glycerine, 1 drachm, water to 4 oz.

Worried (Newport).—What I have recommended to "Douglas (Manchester)" will suit your case also. Avoid greasy foods and anything which is highly seasoned.

Harpsdale (Caithness).—Use this shampoo, daily to begin with and then at longer intervals. Oil of cade, 5%, thymol, 1%, spirit of soap to 6 oz. A good lather should be got with hot water and left on for five minutes before being thoroughly rinsed out and well dried. Brush thoroughly twice a day and at bedtime work in a little of this ointment: Sulphur 3%, salicylic acid, 3%, lanoline, vaseline, of each ½ oz.

F. G. T. (Halifax).—See my advice to "Harpsdale (Caithness)"; also attend to your general health.

T. B. (Wolverhampton).—The will should be examined by a lawyer to verify whether it is valid. If it is not the estate would be equally divided among the eight. It is better that a lawyer should be consulted about the money in the P.O.

Dan (Poplar).—Give the dog one or two meals per day, but no more. Avoid starches or sweets, giving her meat and fresh vegetables. A raw egg per day will prove beneficial as regards dieting for track work. It is important to have fresh water available.

A. J. (Newcastle).—These records would take up too much space, but I suggest you apply to the boxers themselves, making your request.

High Flyer.—This, of course, is only obtained after years of hard work, starting in the mechanical side. You should apply to the big aircraft factories such as Vickers.

J. P. (Hartlepool).—(1) This, I am afraid, is impossible to define, as there are various forms of strength. (2) Sorry, unknown. (3) No.

R. M. (Redditch). — "System of Training and Self Defence" by Len Harvey, 2/6 (Queensway Press). Your newsagent would procure it for you.

L. C. (Norwich). — (1) Yes. (2) Yes. (3) Toronto, Canada.

Wandering (Ellesmere Port).—You are not too old for certain forces. Apply to your local police headquarters for [illegible] particulars.

Boxing Fan (Wandsworth).—This would take up too much space. I suggest you write to the boxers themselves, making your request.

M. J. S. (Forest Gate). — (1) Some players lend out their new boots to get them broken in. Wear them as much as possible, and keep them in condition with dubbin or grease. (2) Make sure the boots are absolutely comfortable. Normally, the same size as for shoes is suitable.

Houghton (Burnley).—Single men, other things being equal, are generally preferred, and certain police forces refuse to entertain applications from married men. I do not know of any existent time limit as regards marriage. A visit to your local headquarters would prove beneficial.

W. T. (Stafford).—There are so many points to be considered that I suggest that you call at your local recruiting station and have a talk with the officer in charge. [illegible] commit yourself in any way.

Wondering (Preston).—(1) Sorry, these are now out of print. (2) Les Crowley was k.o.'d in the ninth round at Madison Square Garden by Mike Belloise in a world title bout. While in America he also met A. Gilette [illegible] have appeared in "Topical Times," but the issues are now out of print. Foran has never met [illegible] Jack London, [illegible] West Hartlepool.

S. J. A. S. (Macclesfield).—Apply to the Mass Nurses Association, [illegible] Street, Manchester.

A Boxing Fan (Bournemouth).—It would take too much space to give details here but his record may appear shortly.

T. B. (Darwen).—Full details can be obtained by applying for leaflets at your nearest recruiting office.

Boxing Fan (Mossley).—I [illegible] you will find a book which [illegible] the whole path [illegible] to this. Every boxing [illegible] book [illegible] chapters [illegible] guidance. A [illegible] newsagent or bookseller will supply you with a list from which to choose.

A. M. (South Shields).—For full particulars apply to your nearest Naval or R.A.F. recruiting office.

Anxious (Prescot).—Perhaps the police could help you with this.

DON'T LET ANYTHING WORRY YOU—

rather tell the Sentinel about it, and let him do the worrying! His answers to queries have solved thousands of problems in the last few years. Here's his address:—

**THE SENTINEL,
c/o "TOPICAL TIMES,"
12 FETTER LANE,
FLEET STREET,
LONDON, E.C.4.**

Strathisla (Keith).—(1) Suggest you should first apply to the Secretary, Rangers F.C., Ibrox Park, Glasgow, enquiring cost, &c., and enclosing stamped addressed envelope. (2) For photos apply to George Cassidy, Blenheim Terrace, Kilsyth. (3) Your suggestion has been noted.

A. E. W. A.—Apply to the London Chamber of Commerce, 69-73 Cannon Street, London, E.C.4.

Moulder (Liverpool).—Yes, Bing Crosby was featured in short films before he became a star.

J. J. (Sangleston).—Cup final tickets are available through the agencies. (2) [illegible] football associations [illegible] league clubs. If there is a league club in your area [illegible] which you support you might try the secretary of your [illegible] association. Address [illegible] Hughes [illegible] Crewe. Prices [illegible] 2/6, 5/-, 7/6, 10/6, 15/-, 21/-.

A. H. T. (Brackley).—(1) Petersen and Harvey fought three times. Petersen winning twice and Harvey once. (2) Yes, Westcott, Arsenal centre, broke his leg playing against Bolton on April 1, 1935.

W. J. S. (Stockwell).—[illegible] Boxing Club, Royson Hall, [illegible] Few clubs remain open during summer, but you will [illegible] full particulars of that and fees from above address.

Albert (Liversedge). — For autographed photo of Eleanor Powell you should enclose with your request a 1 International Correspondence Coupon, obtainable from any P.O. Her address is M.G.M. Studio, Washington Boulevard, Culver City, California.

A. G. N. (Sutton).—On January 14, 1933, Walsall beat Arsenal 2-0 at Walsall in the F.A. Cup, third round.

Worried (Wolverhampton).—To work out goal averages, simply divide goals for by goals against. The bigger the answer the better is the team's goal average.

Groaner (Penwortham).—Yours is an unusual complaint. Training is the obvious cure, and I think the best plan would be to consult a voice specialist in your area.

Curly (Whitefield).—Write them c/o The Gramophone Co., 98-108 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. For photograph enclose a 1/- P.O.

Old Reader (Ivybridge).—(1) You could send a British money order, equivalent to the sum you require. This can be obtained at any Post Office. (2) Maxie Rosenbloom, c/o Frank Bachman, 1245 N. Vine Street, Hollywood, California, U.S.A.; Tom Walls, The Grange, Reigate Road, Ewell, Epsom; E. Smith, J. Jarvis's stable, Newmarket. (3) Try Dailypress Photographic Agency, 31 St Anne's Chambers, Broadway, London, E.C.4.

A Football Fan (Upton Park).—(1) W. Meredith (Manchester City and Manchester United), who played 51 times for Wales, holds the record for International championship appearances. (2) This is in the process of being compiled, and may be available any time. Watch papers for announcements and details.

R. E. B. (Penrith).—(1) Clapton O. beat Newcastle in the cup in season 1925-26. (2) Score was 2-0. (3) Played at Clapton. (4) Hughie Gallacher had joined Newcastle a month or so before.

P. B. (Gias).—Ashington were members of the English League Third Division (North) from 1921-22 to 1928-29 inclusive.

R. B. (Glenbuck).—(1) Yes, I think they would be rated as class players in present-day football, though they would find that the game had speeded up. (2) Spurs' cup-winning team in 1900-01 was Clawley, Erentz, Tait, Morris, Hughes, Jones, Smith, Cameron, Brown, Copeland, Kirwan.

N. G. (Coventry).—(1) Dennis Compton was born May 23, 1918. (2) London. (3) No.

Anxious Reader.—Your best plan would be to insert [illegible] newspaper. Uttoxeter Advertiser [illegible] Ashbourne Times.

W. G. M. (London, S.E.14).—[illegible] teams are — [illegible] — Wallace, Johnson [illegible] [illegible] Wrexham [illegible]

Arsenal Fan (Jersey).—(1) Ages not divulged. (2) Drake holds Arsenal record with 43 goals in 1934-35. (3) Sunderland and Aston Villa—they have both won the league championship six times. (4) It is impossible to state accurately, and fees are not divulged. I roughly estimate at £40,000.

Interested.—(1) In and out of the first team, according to form, &c. (2) On loan from Burnley.

H. S. (Hipperholme).—Hawthorne was transferred from Grimsby to Newcastle.

Spurs and T.T. Fan.—(1) You should write enclosing stamped addressed envelope to the secretaries of the clubs: Sheffield Wednesday F.C., Hillsborough Ground, Sheffield, 6; West Bromwich Albion F.C., The Hawthorns, West Bromwich. (2) My opinion of Spurs' best team is — Hooper, Ward, Whatley; [illegible] Hall, [illegible] and Lyman.

G. B. F. (Streatham). — McDowall is captain of Manchester City at present. Barkas is expected to be fit by the end of the month. Manchester City team v. Swansea at home this season was [illegible] Clark, Barkas, [illegible] Doherty, Heale, Brook. The same team played at Chesterfield.

The Owls (Sheffield).—[illegible] Luton at end of 1936-37 season. He [illegible] Motors, and last season [illegible] This season he is playing for [illegible]

T. B. (Sheffield).—(1 and 2) Brook signed for Manchester City in 1927-28, and Hooper for Sheffield Wednesday in 1926-27. (3) Sorry neither the F.A. nor I have any record of this.

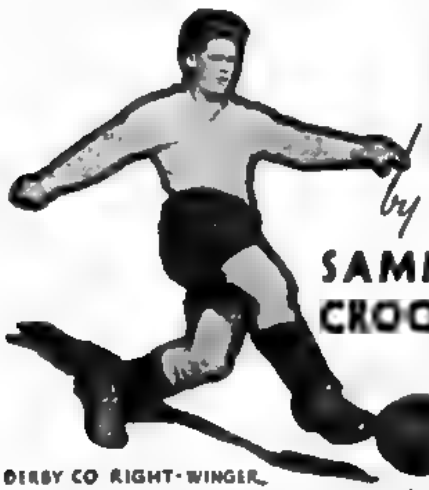
Jock (Preston).—Hughie Diamond c/o Jack Harris, 117 Regent Street, London, W.1. For photo enclose a 1/- P.O. with your request.

(Continued on page 30).

I Was a Sick Man, so—

I DRANK CHAMPAGNE—AND PLAYED A STORM!

Battling for honours with Derby



DERBY CO RIGHT-WINGER

PLAYED TO A STANDSTILL!

by SAMMY CROOKS

TWELVE seasons with Derby! And almost all of that time in the first team. Before I tell you of some of my highlights in the game I cannot let this opportunity pass without telling you about our present match-winning combination.

All I can truthfully say is that the spectator knows as much about it as I do! There is no set plan of campaign, no fantastic systems, and no injections!

With the exception of Davie M'Culloch it is the same team that saw us struggling at the foot of the table twelve months ago.

We have simply struck one of those irresistible spells that comes to all teams at some period. It is thrilling to take part in these games as the ball is passed from man to man with uncanny accuracy.

Almost before I know what is happening, I find the ball at my own feet. I know without looking almost to the square inch where my partner, Dai Astley, will be waiting for the ball. That is born of continued success. We are playing with all the confidence in the world. In my twelve seasons I cannot remember a Derby team playing so well.

MR JOBEY'S ENCOURAGEMENT

I SUPPOSE that it is natural that my first league game stands out in my mind.

I came to Derby from Durham a raw amateur. I was given a month's training, and then I made my first appearance in the league side. I played once more for the Stiffs, and then Len Thornewell, our outside-right, received a nasty ankle injury.

The following Thursday, Mr Jobey, our manager, called me into his office and said, "Sammy, you're playing for the league side on Saturday. Now this is your big chance, but don't let it worry you. Play your natural game, you'll be all right!"

Our forward line that day read Crooks, Gill, Bedford, Whitehouse, and Mee.

I never lost my place in the team after that game. My success was due to my fellow-forwards. They nursed me through that first big ordeal, so that the little I had to do looked like really brilliant play.

Whenever I had the ball I was always in a clear space.

Quite apart from that in the opening moments I was lucky enough to find my fellow forwards with first-time passes. With whispered words of "Well done, son," Jimmy Gill and Harry Bedford helped to give me greater confidence.

We won the game 2-1. Both our goals were scored from my passes. I was on top of the world.

I am ever grateful to Gill, Bedford, Whitehouse, and Mee. A bad day then would have set me back at least twelve months. As it was I was able to go on gaining experience, and I made the berth my own.

The following season Len Thornewell was transferred to Blackburn.

WE RUN RIOT.

ANOTHER outstanding memory is the scoring of my one and only hat-trick. It was against West Bromwich at the Baseball Ground, where we won 9-3. It might have been 30-3.

Our forward line that afternoon was Crooks, Stockill, Gallacher, Ramage, and Duncan. Our forwards were in great form. Hughie Gallacher was at his brilliant best.

The wee Scot showed all the trickery he could command. His subtle scheming opened out the game. If Harold Pearson (now with Millwall) hadn't been on top of his form we might have broken every goal-scoring record that existed.

Hughie, Stockill, and myself each had a hat-trick. The amusing part of the match was that Gallachar scored the first three goals; we all kept plying him with the ball. He was in such irresistible form that we all felt that he could break the individual goal-scoring record.

The word went round, "Give it to Hughie!"

His shots whisked past the posts, struck uprights, defenders, while Pearson contributed with some magnificent saves. Yet I've never seen him play better. That day he looked what he truly was, the greatest centre-forward of all time.

"IF YOU LET ME DOWN —!"

ONE of the best games I have ever played was against Leeds in season 1933-34. A few days earlier in the week I was confined to bed with a nasty dose of 'flu.

On the day before the match I struggled out of bed and made my way down to the ground. I saw Mr Jobey and told him I thought I would be fit to play the following day.

I had nothing to eat for three days, but before I left for the ground on Saturday morning I had a bottle of champagne.

When I saw our manager I was looking so white and drawn that he tried to persuade me not to play.

I was so insistent that at last he said, "All right, Sammy, if you feel that way you'd better play, but if you let me down I'll wring your blinking neck!"

Right from the kick-off I knew I was going to have a good match. I couldn't explain just what it was, but I seemed to be on my toes and over-anxious that the ball would come in my direction.

My fellow-mates obviously didn't know how I felt, for they were doing their utmost to keep the ball away from me.

However, a stray ball came across, and I beat my good friend Wilf Copping and set off down the wing. I finished with a rousing shot which sailed just over the bar.

From then on I could do no wrong. Poor Wilf had the most trying time of his life. He could never get near enough to tackle me. Once when we were waiting for the ball to be thrown in Wilf whispered in my ear, "Blimey, and you're supposed to be a sick man!"

We won that day 3-1. When I went into the Leeds lads' dressing-room after the match I received the biggest roasting of my life.

You can imagine the trend of the remarks. One or two of the Leeds players expressed the view that it was a pity I wasn't dying.

HELPED OFF THE FIELD.

ANOTHER game that is vivid in my memory was that we played at Newcastle eight years ago, when we beat them by five goals to two.

It was the first time Harry Bedford had played as my inside partner. Harry, I must say, was the greatest partner I have ever had.

Making his debut at left-half against Harry and myself was a young fair-haired laddie named Keen.

Bedford had a great day. He held the ball until the last split second, and then pushed it out to me. I couldn't help but play well. I never had to resist a tackle throughout the game.

This young lad Keen had the most heart-breaking task of his young life. He ran himself to a standstill and at the finish he had to be half helped off the field. He had stuck to his task gallantly, but a man with twice this youngster's experience could not have held Bedford that afternoon.

Three days later George Jobey announced to us in the dressing-room that he had signed the self-same youngster who had had such a hapless debut against us.

But George Jobey's shrewd eye spotted the boy's possibilities. As you all know, Eric Keen held his place in the Derby team for many seasons and also gained international honours.

And that's how great players are discovered!

"Dennis O'Callaghan—drop that hoop at once!"

WORLD'S EASIEST *now* EASIER

JOIN THE THOUSANDS OF WINNERS

ADMITTED *the* WORLD'S EASIEST

MURPHYS

JOIN TODAY

GREAT NEW DOUBLE CHANCE EASY POOL

ALL WINNERS 12 EASY MATCHES RECEIVE

£518 11/8

FOR ONE PENNY

The EASIEST 1D Pts. POOL NOW only 12 MATCHES 3 DIV'DS

7 HOME TEAMS FAILING TO WIN

Mark your selection with an 'O'

Sunderland	v Derby Co.		
Burnley	Newcastle		
Luton Town	M'ch'r City		
Tranmere R.	Sheffield W.		
Accrington	Barrow		
Gateshead	Doncaster		
Lincoln City	Bradford C.		
N'hampton	Newport C.		
Hibernian	Rangers		
Bolton W	Leeds Un.		
Charlton A.	Liverpool		
Chelsea	Middlesbro'		
Everton	Arsenal		
M'ch'r Un.	Grimsby T		
Preston	Leicester C.		
Stoke City	Birm'ham		
Bradford	Millwall		
Chesterfield	Fulham		
S'hampton	Coventry C.		
Swansea T	Blackburn		
Darlington	Crewe A.		
Hartlepools	Southport		
Stockport	Chester		
Wrexham	Rotherham		
York City	Rochdale		
Bristol City	Swindon T.		
Exeter City	Reading		
Mansfield T	Bournem'th		
Q.P.R.	Brighton		
Southend U	Bristol R.		
Walsall	Watford		
Falkirk	Aberdeen		
CREDIT ONLY		6d	6d

14th January — Mark 1 for Home, 2 for Away, X for Draw

1	Sunderland v	Derby Co.
2	Burnley	Newcastle
3	Luton Town	M'ch'r City
4	Tranmere R.	Sheffield W.
5	Accrington	Barrow
6	Darlington	Crewe A.
7	Gateshead	Doncaster
8	Hartlepools	Southport
9	Lincoln City	Bradford C.
10	N'hampton	Newport C.
11	Falkirk	Aberdeen
12	Hibernian	Rangers

ENTRIES—Mark 1 for Home, 2 for Away, X for Draw. Maximum Credit first week, 4s. No cash must be sent with this Coupon. Investments limited on Pools 1, 4, and Double Chance Pool to 6d. per column. No commissions accepted from defaulters on theirs or any other Pools. No commissions accepted from Eire. PENNY POINTS POOL—Points count 1 for Home win; 2 for Away win. 1 for Draw. Winners notified by us by post on Monday. Other rules as on Coupon.

I am over 21, and promise to remit, next week, total amount staked. Please send me your Coupon weekly.

Name.....

T T

Address.....

MURPHYS POOLS · EDINBURGH, 7

MEMBERS OF FOOTBALL POOLS PROMOTERS ASSOCIATION LTD.

4 DIVISIONS NOTHING BARRED

Matches to be played Saturday, 14th January		Pool 1 NINE RESULTS		Pool 4 FOUR AWAYS	
1	Aston Villa v	Blackpool			
2	Bolton W	Leeds Un.			
3	Charlton A	Liverpool			
4	Chelsea	Middlesbro'			
5	Everton	Arsenal			
6	Hudd'field	Portsmouth			
7	M'ch'r Un.	Grimsby T			
8	Preston	Leicester C.			
9	Stoke City	Birm'ham			
10	Sunderland	Derby Co.			
11	Wolves	Brentford			
12	Bradford	Millwall			
13	Burnley	Newcastle			
14	Chesterfield	Fulham			
15	Luton Town	M'ch'r City			
16	Plymouth	Norwich C.			
17	Sheffield U	West Brom.			
18	S'hampton	Coventry C.			
19	Swansea T	Blackburn			
20	Tottenham	Notts Forest			
21	Tranmere	Sheffield W			
22	West Ham	Bury			
23	Accrington	Barrow			
24	Barnsley	N. Brighton			
25	Darlington	Crewe A.			
26	Gateshead	Doncaster			
27	Hartlepools	Southport			
28	Hull City	Carlisle Un.			
29	Lincoln City	Bradford C.			
30	Oldham A.	Halifax T			
31	Stockport	Chester			
32	Wrexham	Rotherham			
33	York City	Rochdale			
34	Aldershot	Torquay U.			
35	Bristol City	Swindon			
36	Cardiff City	Ipswich T.			
37	Crystal P.	Port Vale			
38	Exeter City	Reading			
39	Mansfield T	Bournem'th			
40	S'hampton	Newport Co.			
41	Notts Co.	Clapton O.			
42	Q.P.R.	Brighton			
43	Southend	Bristol R.			
44	Walsall	Watford			
CREDIT ONLY		6d	6d	6d	6d

MURPHY'S COUPON

Forecast by THE JUDGE.

POOL 1—NINE RESULTS.

CHARLTON v. LIVERPOOL	1
HUDDERSFIELD v. PORTSMOUTH	1
TOTTENHAM v. NOTTS F	1
WEST HAM v. BURY	1
BARNSLEY v. N. BRIGHTON	1
OLDHAM v. HALIFAX	1
ALDERSHOT v. TORQUAY	1
CRYSTAL P. v. PORT VALE	1
NOTTS CO. v. CLAPTON O.	1

SEVEN HOME TEAMS FAILING TO WIN.

SUNDERLAND v. DERBY	0
TRANMERE v. SHEFFIELD W	0
GATESHEAD v. DONCASTER	0
NORTHAMPTON v. NEWPORT	0
HIBS v RANGERS	0
SOUTHAMPTON v. COVENTRY	0
WREXHAM v. ROTHERHAM	0

POOL 4 FOUR AWAYS.

SUNDERLAND v. DERBY	2
GATESHEAD v. DONCASTER	2
HARTLEPOOLS v. SOUTHPORT	2
NORTHAMPTON v. NEWPORT CO.	2

PENNY POINTS POOL.

SUNDERLAND v. DERBY CO.	X	2	2	X	2	2
BURNLEY v. NEWCASTLE	2	X	X	1	1	2
LUTON v MANCHESTER C.	1	1	1	1	1	1
TRANMERE v. SHEFFIELD W	2	2	2	X	X	X
ACCRINGTON v. BARROW,	1	2	X	1	2	X
DARLINGTON v. CREWE,	X	2	X	2	X	2
GATESHEAD v. DONCASTER,	2	X	X	2	2	X
HARTLEPOOLS v. SOUTHPORT,	2	1	X	X	1	2
LINCOLN C. v. BRADFORD C.,	1	1	X	X	2	2
NORTHAMPTON v. NEWPORT,	X	2	X	2	X	2
FALKIRK v. ABERDEEN,	1	1	1	1	1	1
HIBS v. RANGERS,	2	2	X	X	2	2

The Alternative System for Problem Games

BY THE SCOUT.

CHELSEA v. MIDDLESBRO.	1 or X
SUNDERLAND v DERBY CO.	X or 2
BURNLEY v NEWCASTLE U.	X or 2
SOUTHAMPTON v. COVENTRY	X or 2
HARTLEPOOLS v. SOUTHPORT	1 or X
LINCOLN C v BRADFORD C.	1 or X
EXETER C v. READING	1 or X
WALSALL v. WATFORD	X or 2
ARBROATH v. CLYDE	1 or X
ST MIRREN v. HEARTS	X or 2

THE POOLS TOPICAL

EVERYTHING TO HELP YOU TO WIN

THE DEMON'S FORECASTS

ALL THE GAMES FOR JANUARY 14

By Football's No. 1 Forecaster

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIVISION I.

		1937-38.	1936-37.	1935-36.	† Position in League Last Season.	‡ Home Games Won Last Season.	‡ Away Games Won Last Season.	Forecast.
ASTON VILLA	v. BLACKPOOL	—	4-0	—	-12		6	1
BOLTON W.	v. LEEDS U	0-0	2-1	3-0	7- 9	11	3	1
CHARLTON A.	v. LIVERPOOL	3-0	1-1	—	4-11	14	6	1
CHELSEA	v. MIDDLESBROUGH	0-1	1-0	2-1	10- 5	11	7	1
EVERTON	v ARSENAL	1-4	1-1	0-2	14- 1	11	6	X
HUDDERSFIELD T.	v. PORTSMOUTH	2-0	1-2	1-1	15-19	11	2	1
MANCHESTER U.	v. GRIMSBY T.	—	1-1	—	-20		2	1
PRESTON N.E.	v. LEICESTER C.	0-0	—	—	3-16	9	5	1
STOKE C.	v. BIRMINGHAM	2-2	2-0	3-1	17-18	10	3	1
SUNDERLAND	v. DERBY CO	2-0	3-2	3-1	8-13	12	5	2
WOLVERHAMPTON W.	v. BRENTFORD	2-1	4-0	3-2	2- 6	11	8	1

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIVISION II.

		1937-38.	1936-37.	1935-36.	† Position in League Last Season.	‡ Home Games Won Last Season.	‡ Away Games Won Last Season.	Forecast.
BRADFORD	v. MILLWALL	—	—	—	7-	13		1
BURNLEY	v. NEWCASTLE U.	2-1	0-3	1-2	6-19	15	2	1
CHESTERFIELD	v. FULHAM	0-2	4-1	—	11- 8	12	6	1
LUTON T.	v. MANCHESTER C.	—	—	—	12-	10		2*
PLYMOUTH A.	v. NORWICH C.	1-1	2-0	5-1	13-14	10	3	1
SHEFFIELD U.	v. WEST BROM. A.	—	—	—	3-	15		1
SOUTHAMPTON	v. COVENTRY C.	0-4	1-1	—	15- 4	12	8	1
SWANSEA T.	v. BLACKBURN R.	3-2	1-0	—	18-16	12	1	2
TOTTENHAM H.	v. NOTTINGHAM F.	3-0	2-1	1-1	5-20	14	2	1*
TRANMERE R.	v. SHEFFIELD WED.	—	—	—	-17		4	2
WEST HAM U.	v. BURY	3-1	5-1	6-0	9-10	13	6	1

* indicates specially fancied selections.

† The first figure in this column applies to the home teams. The second figure applies to the away teams.

‡ The home games apply to the home teams. The away games apply to the away teams. Figures for promoted and relegated clubs are not given as they would not serve as any guide.

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (NORTH).

		1937-38.	1936-37.	1935-36.	† Position in League Last Season.	‡ Home Games Won Last Season.	‡ Away Games Won Last Season.	Forecast.
ACCRINGTON S.	v. BARROW	2-0	5-0	2-0	22-21	9	2	X
BARNSLEY	v. NEW BRIGHTON	—	—	—	-13		3	1*
DARLINGTON	v. CREWE A.	0-1	0-3	2-2	19- 8	10	4	1
GATESHEAD	v. DONCASTER R.	2-3	—	—	5- 2	15	6	X*
HARTLEPOOLS U.	v. SOUTHPORT	1-2	2-0	2-1	20-16	10	4	2*
HULL C.	v. CARLISLE U.	2-1	1-1	—	3-12	11	4	1
LINCOLN C.	v. BRADFORD C.	4-0	—	—	7-14	14	2	X
OLDHAM A.	v. HALIFAX T.	2-1	1-0	3-0	4-18	16	3	1
STOCKPORT CO.	v. CHESTER	—	4-0	2-0	- 9		3	1
WREXHAM	v. ROTHERHAM U.	2-0	4-2	2-0	10- 6	14	7	1
YORK C.	v. ROCHDALE	0-5	4-1	2-1	11-17	11	6	1

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (SOUTH).

		1937-38.	1936-37.	1935-36.	† Position in League Last Season.	‡ Home Games Won Last Season.	‡ Away Games Won Last Season.	Forecast.
ALDERSHOT	v. TORQUAY U.	1-0	0-1	1-0	18-20	11	2	1*
BRISTOL C.	v. SWINDON T.	1-1	1-2	5-0	2- 8	14	5	1
CARDIFF C.	v. IPSWICH T.	—	—	—	10-	13		1
CRYSTAL PALACE	v. PORT VALE	—	—	—	7-	14		1*
EXETER C.	v. READING	0-2	2-0	4-5	17- 6	10	3	X
MANSFIELD T.	v. BOURNEMOUTH	3-2	—	—	14-13	12	6	1
NORTHAMPTON T.	v. NEWPORT CO.	2-0	3-2	3-0	9-16	12	2	X*
NOTTS CO.	v. CLAPTON	1-0	0-0	2-0	11-19	10	3	1
QUEEN'S P.R.	v. BRIGHTON	2-1	2-3	3-2	3- 5	15	6	1
SOUTHEND U.	v. BRISTOL R.	1-1	2-3	1-1	12-15	12	3	1*
WALSALL	v. WATFORD	3-1	3-1	—	21- 4	10	7	X*

SCOTTISH LEAGUE—DIVISION I.

		1937-38.	1936-37.	1935-36.	† Position in League Last Season.	‡ Home Games Won Last Season.	‡ Away Games Won Last Season.	Forecast.
ARBROATH	v. CLYDE	1-2	2-1	2-1	11-15	8	4	1
AYR U.	v. QUEEN'S PARK	6-2	—	1-0	17-12	6	5	1
CELTIC	v. ALBION ROVERS	—	4-0	4-0	1-	16		1*
FALKIRK	v. ABERDEEN	4-1	1-2	—	4- 6	9	3	1
HIBERNIAN	v. RANGERS	0-0	1-4	1-1	10- 3	8	7	2
MOTHERWELL	v. RAITH ROVERS	—	—	—	5-	12		1*
PARTICK TH.	v. KILMARNOCK	3-0	4-0	2-0	7-18	12	3	1
ST JOHNSTONE	v. HAMILTON ACA.	6-3	6-1	1-1	8-13	11	4	1
ST MIRREN	v. HEARTS	1-1	2-2	—	14- 2	11	10	2*
THIRD LANARK	v. QUEEN OF SOUTH	1-1	4-1	2-2	9-16	7	5	1

SCOTTISH LEAGUE—DIVISION II.

		1937-38.	1936-37.	1935-36.	† Position in League Last Season.	‡ Home Games Won Last Season.	‡ Away Games Won Last Season.	Forecast.
AIRDRIE	v. DUNDEE	—	—	2-0	3-	12		1
BRECHIN C.	v. EAST STIRLING	3-3	2-5	3-2	18-13	2	1	1
COWDENBEATH	v. DUMBARTON	4-1	1-0	6-2	6- 7	11	3	1*
DUNDEE U.	v. DUNFERMLINE A.	—	—	—	14- 9	6	7	1
EDINBURGH C.	v. STENHOUSEMUIR	5-2	1-3	1-1	17- 8	6	5	2*
KING'S PARK	v. EAST FIFE	0-2	3-2	2-1	12- 5	8	6	2
MONTROSE	v. LEITH A.	1-3	2-1	1-3	16-10	5	6	1
MORTON	v. ALLOA	—	2-0	2-2	-11		3	1
ST BERNARDS	v. FORFAR A.	0-1	3-1	3-0	4-15	13	3	1*

"OUR FUTURE IS ASSURED.."

"Isn't it **GRAND** John, to think that our future is assured? And just because we sat down one night last week and filled in **OUR** Littlewood Coupon."

"Yes, it is marvellous, without a doubt. It took us only a few minutes to fill in the winning line, and for that interesting little task we receive **THOUSANDS.**"

"Well, what do we do now?"

"A holiday first, Mary, and then some **SAFE** investment such as' Littlewood's advise in this booklet they send to all Big Winners. They forget nothing, do they?"

FOR YOU THIS TIME?
Every Monday "Winnergrams" are sent to all Big Winners advising them of their good fortune.

The World's Largest
1d 12 RESULTS POOL
PAYING 3 DIVIDENDS

FOR MATCHES PLAYED SAT., JANUARY 14th, 1939

Chelsea	Middlesbro'							
Sunderland	Derby C.							
Luton T	Man. City							
Swansea T	Blackburn							
Tranmere R.	Sheff. Wed.							
Accrington	Barrow							
Gateshead	Doncaster							
Lincoln C.	Bradford C.							
North'pton	Newport C.							
Walsall	Watford							
Arbroath	Clyde							
Th'd Lanark	Q. of South							
ALL 12 MATCHES MUST BE FORECAST		1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	

RULES FOR WINNING

Mark for HOME 1 for AWAY X for DRAW. Coupons must be posted not later than Friday and will be void if not received by 5-0 p.m. Saturday. We reserve the right to refuse any commissions.

Minimum investment on this coupon 6d. No cash must be sent with this Coupon. Coupons issued to bona fide agents or from accommodation addresses or from defaulters to this or any other firm may be disqualified. No Coupons accepted from Eire.

PENNY POINTS POOL RULES. Points as follows: Point for a HOME (1) 2 for an AWAY (2) 3 for a DRAW (X). (Complete Rules on Weekly Coupon.) Credit only.

MEMBERS OF FOOTBALL POOL PROMOTERS ASSOCIATION

I PROMISE, if this Coupon is accepted by you, to remit next week the total amount staked, and agree to abide by your Rules. Please send Coupon weekly. I am over 21 years of age. **E 5** Credit only.

Name.....
Please write in BLOCK letters
Full Postal Address.....
Town.....
City.....
H. LITTLEWOOD LTD., LIVERPOOL (Comp.)

The World's Largest
1d POINTS POOL 14 MATCHES
PAYING 5 DIVIDENDS

Chelsea	Middlesbro							
Sunderland	Derby C.							
Burnley	Newcastle							
South'pton	Coventry C.							
Swansea T	Blackburn							
Darlington	Crewe A.							
Gateshead	Doncaster							
Hartlepools	Southport							
Lincoln C.	Bradford C.							
Exeter C.	Reading							
North'pton	Newport C.							
Walsall	Watford							
Arbroath	Clyde							
St. Mirren	Hearts							
ALL 14 MATCHES MUST BE FORECAST		1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	1d	

MINIMUM INVESTMENT ON THIS COUPON 6d

LITTLEWOOD'S

THE·WORLD'S·LARGEST·AND·BEST·FOOTBALL·POOL!

LITTLEWOOD'S COUPON *Forecast by THE SCOUT.*

POOL 1—TEN RESULTS.

PRESTON N.E. v. LEICESTER C., ... 1
STOKE C. v. BIRMINGHAM, ... 1
SHEFFIELD UTD v. WEST BROM. A., ... 1
TOTTENHAM H. v. NOTTS F., ... 1
HULL C. v. CARLISLE, ... 1
ALDERSHOT v. TORQUAY UTD., ... 1
CELTIC v. ALBION R., ... 1
MOTHERWELL v. RAITH R., ... 1
PARTICK TH v. KILMARNOCK, ... 1
THIRD LANARK v. QUEEN OF SOUTH, ... 1

POOL 3—EIGHT HOME TEAMS FAILING TO WIN.

BOLTON W. v. LEEDS UTD., ... 3
SUNDERLAND v. DERBY CO., ... 3
SOUTHAMPTON v. COVENTRY C., ... 3
TRANMERE R. v. SHEFFIELD W., ... 3
NORTHAMPTON v. NEWPORT CO., ... 3
FALKIRK v. ABERDEEN, ... 3
HIBERNIAN v. RANGERS, ... 3
ST MIRREN v. HEARTS, ... 3

POOL 6—FOUR AWAYS.

CHELSEA v. MIDDLESBROUGH, ... 2
SUNDERLAND v. DERBY C., ... 2
BURNLEY v. NEWCASTLE UTD., ... 2
TRANMERE R. v. SHEFFIELD W., ... 2

PENNY POINTS POOL.

CHELSEA v. MIDDLESBROUGH,	2	X	1	2	X	1
SUNDERLAND v. DERBY C.,	2	2	1	1	X	1
BURNLEY v NEWCASTLE,	1	1	1	2	X	2	1	X
SOUTHAMPTON v COVENTRY,	1	X	2	X	2	1
SWANSEA v. BLACKBURN,	1	1	1	1	1	1
DARLINGTON v CREWE A.,	1	1	1	1	1	1
GATESHEAD v. DONCASTER,	1	1	1	1	1	1
HARTLEPOOLS v. SOUTHPORT,	1	X	2	1	X	2
LINCOLN C. v. BRADFORD C.,	X	2	1	X	2	1
EXETER C. v. READING,	1	1	1	1	1	1
NORTHAMPTON v. NEWPORT C.,	2	2	2	2	2	2
WALSALL v. WATFORD,	1	X	1	X	1	X
ARBROATH v. CLYDE,	1	1	1	1	1	1
ST MIRREN v. HEARTS,	X	2	X	2	X	2

POOL 2—THREE DRAWS.

BOLTON W. v. LEEDS UTD., ... X
LUTON T v. MANCHESTER C., ... X
ST MIRREN v. HEARTS, ... X

THE DEMON'S BEST SHOT

Littlewood's Pool 4— Eight Results

Aston Villa v Blackpool (1), Manchester U. v. Grimsby (1), York v. Rochdale (1), Third Lanark v. Queen of South (1), Hull City v. Carlisle (1), Cardiff v Ipswich (1), Notts C v. Clapton O. (1), Ayr v. Queen's Park (1).

A Reason for Every Forecast

T. G. JONES
(Everton)

Player Who Has Pepped Up Manchester United

George Hunt—He Snaps the Half Chances

Will Burnley's Style Upset Newcastle?

G. HUNT
(Bolton W.)

English League—First Division.

ASTON VILLA v. BLACKPOOL.—I still have a little faith in the goal-scoring ability of Blackpool. Their defence [illegible] against fast opponents. [illegible] can step up the pace and should make openings which will be turned to account. **Villa are a trouble-free tip.**

BOLTON v. LEEDS.—Bolton are probably getting into a good streak again. Freedom from injuries is bringing new rhythm. George Hunt is as good with half-chances as ever. Leeds [illegible] had and I put up **Bolton as a fairly safe shot.**

CHARLTON v. LIVERPOOL.—Despite the [illegible] of Liverpool I am not [illegible]. Nothing ever upsets their team-work and there is not one spot where opponents can concentrate. They will have to wear Liverpool down, but should manage it. **Home winners.**

CHELSEA v. MIDDLESBROUGH.—Much depends on the home half-back line, for if these [illegible] Boro attackers get through they can [illegible] in the home rear lines. As it happens, the Chelsea halves are at their best. **A draw.**

EVERTON v. ARSENAL.—[illegible] where Arsenal have done well. But [illegible] Cook and other defenders are too [illegible] and well balanced to be upset by an attack out of sorts. Once again the visitors' defence will have to [illegible] and I don't fancy its chance against [illegible]. **Everton should take both points.**

HUDDERSFIELD v. PORTSMOUTH.—The Portsmouth attack is rather limp, while the home defenders remain as strong as ever. They'll keep Pompey out, and it's up to Beasley and [illegible] to get a move on. **Huddersfield should do it.**

MANCHESTER UNITED v. GRIMSBY.—The [illegible] in the forward line [illegible] is snapping up [illegible] chances and has made a big difference to United. Betmead and his pals will find [illegible] I think [illegible] and [illegible] him [illegible] any [illegible] attack. **Manchester United should be on top.**

PRESTON v. LEICESTER.—This should [illegible] a winning Preston. [illegible] attack [illegible] North End [illegible] **two points for Preston.**

STOKE v. BIRMINGHAM.—Birmingham [illegible] no marksman like Steele and Sale, and they [illegible] like Matthews. **The points for Stoke.**

SUNDERLAND v. DERBY.—[illegible] Derby [illegible] Carter [illegible] can be equally dangerous [illegible] Derby can cap it. **Take Derby.**

WOLVES v. BRENTFORD.—Wolves' strength [illegible] get the Brentford defence [illegible] and [illegible] can get goals on their own [illegible] will probably be master of his own goal area, but **Wolves should be winners.**

English League—Second Division

BRADFORD v. MILLWALL.—Goal-hungry Smith, the home centre-forward, will keep Chiverton and his backs constantly on the move. Recent changes in the Millwall side have tended to upset balance. I feel this will be **Bradford's game.**

BURNLEY v. NEWCASTLE.—Newcastle have done well, but Burnley play a style liable to keep any side busy, though not always bringing goals. The defence is A1, and I think there is a **bright chance of a home win.**

CHESTERFIELD v. FULHAM.—[illegible] have the weight and speed in [illegible] Fulham [illegible] **home win.**

LUTON v. MANCHESTER CITY.—[illegible] **[illegible] draw.**

PLYMOUTH v. NORWICH.—Norwich lack the team-work which upsets defences. Plymouth's rearguard [illegible] they should be good enough for the [illegible] **Plymouth to win.**

SHEFFIELD UNITED v. WEST BROM.—As usual, [illegible] will probably decide this battle of giants [illegible] defence that won't be kidded, and United [illegible] Tudor the young Albion centre-half [illegible] **[illegible] Sheffield United.**

SOUTHAMPTON v. COVENTRY.—[illegible] **[illegible] winning.**

SWANSEA v. BLACKBURN.—Having beaten Manchester [illegible] **[illegible] winning again.**

TOTTENHAM v. NOTTINGHAM FOREST.—[illegible] **[illegible] a safe bet.**

TRANMERE v. SHEFFIELD WED.—Tranmere are soon in trouble against skill, method, and quick passing. [illegible] the chance. I am afraid the dribbles of Robinson [illegible] **Wednesday are the tip.**

WEST HAM v. BURY.—[illegible] West Ham are much more in rhythm, and the goals [illegible] regularly. **West Ham should be a home 1.**

Third Division—Northern Section.

ACCRINGTON v. BARROW.—Accrington's spirit [illegible] Barrow are having their best [illegible] defence that knows its job. I give [illegible] **a draw.**

BARNSLEY v. NEW BRIGHTON.—[illegible] Ainsworth held by probably the strongest half-back line [illegible] **two more Barnsley points on the bag.**

DARLINGTON v. CREWE.—[illegible]

GATESHEAD v. DONCASTER.—A big possibility for [illegible] **Doncaster should get full points.**

HARTLEPOOLS v. SOUTHPORT.—[illegible] known defence should not be troubled. With a bit of [illegible] **Southport should take both points.**

HULL v. CARLISLE.—[illegible]

LINCOLN v. BRADFORD CITY.—[illegible] which has given a lot away. The home attack has [illegible] **a draw.**

OLDHAM v. HALIFAX.—[illegible] shooting Halifax van. Fighting hard on the run will [illegible] **Oldham triumph.**

STOCKPORT v. CHESTER.—Stockport have a proud [illegible] shooters as Chester, but they have neat ideas and a [illegible] **Stockport is my choice.**

WREXHAM v. ROTHERHAM.—Burgon and his forward pals having got into much better mood, Wrexham become more dangerous. Rotherham have rather faded away, and this should be **Wrexham's game.**

YORK v. ROCHDALE.—The power [illegible] forward line given them a chance [illegible] others have popped in goals in a way [illegible] experienced [illegible] The latter have a defensive [illegible] **[illegible] a draw.**

Third Division—Southern Section.

ALDERSHOT v. TORQUAY.—The transfer of [illegible] enough to beat the [illegible] Torquay. **Home win.**

BRISTOL CITY v. SWINDON.—The only weakness [illegible] the half-back line [illegible] chances that are going. I expect a **draw.**

CARDIFF v. IPSWICH.—[illegible] good defence, and the rather scrappy Ipswich forwards are unlikely to find their way to goal. **Home win.**

CRYSTAL PALACE v. PORT VALE.—Although the [illegible] **Points for Palace.**

EXETER v. READING.—The thrust of M'Phee and [illegible] I expect **Reading to collect both points.**

MANSFIELD v. BOURNEMOUTH.—[illegible] **Mansfield should win.**

NORTHAMPTON v. NEWPORT.—Apart from [illegible] **An away win.**

NOTTS COUNTY v. CLAPTON ORIENT.—[illegible] **a good home victory.**

QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS v. BRIGHTON.—[illegible] **a close and hard win.**

SOUTHEND v. BRISTOL ROVERS.—[illegible] Bristol Rovers are unlikely to cause Southend any [illegible] **Southend to win comfortably.**

WALSALL v. WATFORD.—[illegible] a lot better. Dumbarton is [illegible] to upset any defence, and against the lowly Walsall team **Watford should win.**

Scottish League—First Division.

ARBROATH v. CLYDE.—New poise in the front line has made Arbroath a side to be reckoned with. They [illegible] **Arbroath on top.**

AYR UNITED v. QUEEN'S PARK.—Queen's defence [illegible] **Home win.**

CELTIC v. ALBION ROVERS.—[illegible] championship race, ought to make no mistake. **A 1.**

FALKIRK v. ABERDEEN.—[illegible] Aberdeen slight superiority is balanced by the Bairns' ground [illegible] **[illegible] to be an X.**

HIBERNIAN v. RANGERS.—[illegible] As it's at Easter Road they're about equal all round [illegible] **an X might meet the case.**

MOTHERWELL v. RAITH ROVERS.—[illegible] **I'm taking Motherwell every time.**

PARTICK THISTLE v. KILMARNOCK.—Partick [illegible] **mark a 1.**

ST JOHNSTONE v. HAMILTON.—[illegible] though strong enough homers, are bereft of [illegible] can be very hot on their own ground. I fancy them [illegible] **a narrow home win.**

ST MIRREN v. HEARTS.—If they're to keep up their challenge Hearts will have to win some away games. They've a sound chance here. Saints are strong and lively enough, but they lack guile. **It ought to be a 2.**

THIRD LANARK v. QUEEN OF SOUTH.—[illegible] But Third have been putting up some grand displays lately, and it should be a **home win.**

VERNONS

MEMBERS OF FOOTBALL POOL PROMOTERS ASSOCIATION

Great FRIENDSHIP WEEK

I invite..

YOU—if you are not already a regular investor—to join our great Sports Fellowship this week.

VERNONS is still the most progressive pool organisation, and the reasons are manifold, quite apart from the attractiveness of the "EASIER" Coupon.

A Genuine bond of friendship exists between VERNONS and their clients, based upon the courtesy, fair dealing and individual attention extended to every investor.

This season the splendid dividends are better than ever and more widely distributed.

This may be your winning week. Why not enrol now?

Yours in friendship,

Vernon E. Sangster

GOVERNING DIRECTOR.

THE HAVIL FAMILY BOND OF MUTUAL TRUST

The World's Largest 1d. 12 RESULTS POOL
PAYING 4 DIVIDENDS

HERE ARE THE MATCHES TO BE PLAYED ON SAT., JAN. 14th.

Sunderland v Derby C.	1						
Luton T. v Man. City	2						
Swansea v Blackburn	3						
Tranmere v. Shef. W.	4						
Accrington v. Barrow	5						
Gateshead v Doncaster	6						
Hartlepools v. S'port	7						
Lincoln v. Bradford C.	8						
York C. v. Rochdale	9						
Exeter C. v. Reading	10						
N'hampton v. Newport	11						
Walsall v. Watford	12						
Min. 6 Attempts							

RULES. Result Only. Mark 1 for Home, 2 for Away X for Draw. MAXIMUM CREDIT 1/6. Minimum investment 6d. Envelopes must bear postmark not later than Friday. No cash must be sent with this coupon. No commission accepted nor correspondence addressed to Pools promoters or their employees on Pool or any other points. No commission accepted from Eire. A complete rules set weekly coupon.

PENNY POINTS POOL RULES. Points count 1 for Home 2 for Away 3 for Draw. Pool divided:—48% highest 33⅓% second highest, 17½% third highest 1½% fourth highest.

I promise, if this Coupon is accepted by you to remit next week the total amount staked, and agree to abide by your rules. Please send Coupon weekly. I am over 21 years of age.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....
(If any)

TOWN .....

COUNTY .....

VERNONS POOLS LTD., LIVERPOOL

The World's Largest 1d. POINTS POOL 13 MATCHES
PAYING 4 DIVIDENDS

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED ON SAT., JAN. 14th.

Sunderland v. Derby C.	1												
Burnley v. Newcastle	2												
Luton T. v. Man. City	3												
S'hampton v. Coventry	4												
Swansea v. Blackburn	5												
Accrington v. Barrow	6												
Gateshead v. Doncaster	7												
Hartlepools v. S'port	8												
Lincoln v. Bradford C.	9												
York C. v. Rochdale	10												
Exeter C. v. Reading	11												
N'hampton v. Newport	12												
Walsall v. Watford	13												
Min. 6 Attempts								6 Attempts				12 Attempts	

VERNONS COUPON

Forecast by SHARPSHOOTER.

POOL 1 EIGHT RESULTS.

WOLVES v. BRENTFORD,	1
PLYMOUTH v. NORWICH C.,	1
TOTTENHAM v. NOTTINGHAM F.,	1
BARNSLEY v. H. BRIGHTON,	1
HULL C. v. CARLISLE U.,	1
ALDERSHOT v. TORQUAY U.,	1
CRYSTAL P. v. PORT VALE,	1
NOTTS C. v. CLAPTON O.,	1

POOL 2 FOUR AWAYS.

CHELSEA v. MIDDLESBROUGH,	2
LUTON T. v. MANCHESTER CITY,	2
GATESHEAD v. DONCASTER,	2
HARTLEPOOLS v. SOUTHPORT,	2

POOL 3 THREE DRAWS.

TRANMERE v. SHEFFIELD WED.,	X
LINCOLN C. v. BRADFORD C.,	X
NORTHAMPTON v. NEWPORT C.,	X

POOL 4 SEVEN HOME TEAMS FAILING TO WIN.

CHELSEA v. MIDDLESBROUGH,	0
LUTON T. v. MANCHESTER CITY,	0
TRANMERE v. SHEFFIELD WED.,	0
GATESHEAD v. DONCASTER,	0
HARTLEPOOLS v. SOUTHPORT,	0
LINCOLN C. v. BRADFORD C.	0
NORTHAMPTON v. NEWPORT C.,	0

POOL 5—EIGHT RESULTS.

BOLTON W. v. LEEDS UTD.,	1
HUDDERSFIELD v. PORTSMOUTH,	1
MANCHESTER UTD. v. GRIMSBY T.,	1
PRESTON v. LEICESTER,	1
WREXHAM v. ROTHERHAM,	1
CARDIFF C. v. IPSWICH	1
QUEEN'S P.R. v. BRIGHTON,	1
THIRD LANARK v. QUEEN OF SOUTH,	1

PENNY POINTS POOL.

SUNDERLAND v. DERBY C.,	1	X	1	X	1	2
BURNLEY v. NEWCASTLE	X	1	X	1	X	2
LUTON T. v. MAN. CITY,	2	2	X	2	X	1
SOUTHAMPTON v. COVENTRY,	1	X	1	X	1	2
SWANSEA T. v. BLACKBURN	X	2	X	1	2	1
ACCRINGTON v. BARROW	1	X	1	X	2	X
GATESHEAD v. DONCASTER,	2	2	X	2	X	1
HARTLEPOOLS v. SOUTHPORT	2	2	2	2	2	X
LINCOLN C. v. BRADFORD C.,	1	X	2	2	X	1
YORK CITY v. ROCHDALE,	1	1	1	1	1	1
EXETER C. v. READING,	1	X	1	1	X	1
N'HAMPTON v. NEWPORT C.,	2	X	2	X	2	1
WALSALL v. WATFORD,	1	1	X	1	X	2

A Weigh-Up of the Leading Coupons

THE PICK OF THE POOL SHOTS

TEN RESULTS

PRESTON N.E. v. LEICESTER C. 1
TOTTENHAM H. v. NOT'NGH'M F. 1
BARNSLEY v. N. BRIGHTON . 1
OLDHAM A. v. HALIFAX T. 1
ALDERSHOT v. TORQUAY U. .. 1
CARDIFF C. v. IPSWICH T. 1
CRYSTAL P. v. PORT VALE 1
QUEEN'S P.R. v. BRIGHTON 1
CELTIC v. ALBION R. 1
MOTHERWELL v. RAITH R. 1

THREE DRAWS

CHELSEA v. MIDDLESBROUGH X
SUNDERLAND v. DERBY CO. ... X
SWANSEA T. v. BLACKBURN R. X

FOUR AWAYS

LUTON T. v. MANCHESTER C. 2
TRANMERE R. v. SHEFF. W. 2
HARTLEP'LS U. v. SOUTHPORT 2
NORTH'PTON T. v. NEWP'T CO. 2

FOR YOUR PERMUTATORS

HOME BANKERS

Darlington v. Crewe A. - - 1
Exeter City v. Reading - - 1
Arbroath v. Clyde - - - 1

AWAY BANKERS

Gateshead v. Doncaster - - 2
Hartlepools v. Southport - 2
Northampton v. Newport C. - 2

DOUBLE CHANCES

Burnley v. Newcastle U. 1 or X
Lincoln v. Bradford C. - X or 1
Walsall v. Watford - 1 or X

EIGHT RESULTS

HUDD'FIELD T. v PORTSM'TH 1
DARLINGTON v. CREWE A. ... 1
STOCKPORT CO. v CHESTER 1
YORK C. v ROCHDALE ... 1
T. LANARK v Q. OF SOUTH . 1
HULL C. v. CARLISLE U. ... 1
CARDIFF C. v. IPSWICH T. ... 1
AYR U. v. QUEEN'S PARK ... 1

EIGHT HOMES

(Failing to Win).

CHELSEA v. MIDDLESBROUGH 3
SUNDERLAND v. DERBY CO. 3
LUTON T. v. MANCHESTER C. 3
SWANSEA T. v. BLACKBURN R. 3
TRANMERE R. v. SHEFF. W. 3
HARTLEP'LS U. v. SOUTHP'T . 3
NORTH'PTON T. v. NEWP'T CO. 3
HIBERNIAN v. RANGERS 3

SEVEN RESULTS

ASTON V v BLACKPOOL 1
CHARLTON A. v. LIVERPOOL 1
HUDD'FIELD T. v. PORTSM'TH 1
M'CHESTER U v. GRIMSBY T. 1
ACCRINGTON S. v. BARROW 1
WREXHAM v ROTHERHAM U. 1
QUEEN'S P.R. v. BRIGHTON . 1

THE LEAGUE TABLES UP-TO-DATE

ENGLISH LEAGUE—FIRST DIVISION.

	P.	Home W.	L.	D.	Away W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	A.	Pts
Derby Co ...	24	9	1	2	6	3	3	46	27	35
Everton	23	10	1	1	4	6	1	46	26	30
Middlesbro ...	24	8	1	4	3	6	2	54	37	28
Wolves	23	5	1	5	5	5	2	38	18	27
Liverpool	24	9	0	3	1	7	4	41	37	27
Charlton A. ...	22	8	1	2	3	6	2	32	28	26
Leeds U.	23	6	2	3	4	6	2	40	41	25
Stoke C	24	5	2	4	3	7	3	35	45	23
Grimsby T ...	23	6	3	3	2	5	4	33	38	23
Arsenal	22	6	3	2	1	4	6	25	21	22
Aston Villa ..	23	5	5	1	4	5	3	38	35	22
Bolton W ...	23	5	4	2	2	4	6	38	35	22
Sunderland ..	23	2	5	4	6	4	2	31	36	22
Manchester U	23	4	3	4	2	5	3	33	33	21
Blackpool ...	23	5	3	4	2	6	3	29	38	21
Leicester C ...	24	5	3	5	1	8	3	30	43	20
P'tsmouth ..	22	6	1	5	0	7	3	24	37	20
Chelsea	23	6	2	3	1	9	2	41	46	19
Huddersfield	24	7	4	2	0	8	3	31	37	19
Preston N E.	22	5	1	5	2	9	0	28	36	19
Brentford ..	22	6	4	1	1	6	4	30	44	19
Birmingham	24	7	4	1	0	8	3	38	45	18

ENGLISH LEAGUE—THIRD DIVISION (Northern Section).

	P	Home W	L.	D.	Away W	L.	D	Goals F.	A.	Pts
Barnsley	24	10	0	1	7	4	2	56	23	37
Southport ..	21	9	0	3	3	3	3	49	25	30
Bradford C ..	23	10	2	0	3	5	3	52	28	29
Doncaster R ..	22	8	2	5	2	1	6	43	26	29
Crewe Alex ...	23	9	3	0	5	5	2	56	36	29
Oldham A ...	23	7	3	0	5	6	2	47	38	26
Stockport Co ...	21	8	0	2	2	6	3	52	37	25
Chester	21	5	2	3	5	5	1	53	42	24
Rotherham ...	24	8	4	1	3	7	1	41	39	24
Hull City	22	7	3	1	3	6	3	40	41	24
New Brighton	23	6	2	2	4	7	2	37	39	24
Barrow ...	24	7	5	2	3	8	1	41	46	23
Halifax T	23	4	1	6	3	8	1	22	29	21
Darlington	23	7	2	2	1	8	5	43	56	21
Wrexham	24	9	3	1	0	9	2	37	54	21
Rochdale ...	23	7	4	2	2	8.	0	48	46	20
Carlisle U ...	22	5	4	3	3	6	1	36	46	20
York City	23	5	4	3	1	8	2	33	48	17
Lincoln C	23	3	3	4	2	7	3	33	49	17
Gateshead	22	5	4	2	1	8	2	36	45	16
Hartlepools U	23	5	5	1	1	9	2	31	54	15
Accrington St.	24	1	7	3	1	11	1	22	59	9

SCOTTISH LEAGUE—FIRST DIVISION.

	P.	Home W.	L.	D.	Away W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	A.	Pts
Rangers ...	25	11	0	1	7	3	3	87	43	40
Aberdeen ...	26	11	2	1	3	6	4	67	44	31
Hearts	25	7	4	1	7	4	2	64	44	31
Celtic	25	7	4	2	5	3	4	72	39	30
Kilmarnock	26	7	3	4	5	5	2	51	53	30
Falkirk ...	25	8	3	2	4	5	3	51	45	29
Motherwell ...	25	8	3	1	4	6	3	61	52	28
Queen of S'th	24	9	2	2	3	6	2	47	43	28
Hamilton A ...	25	9	2	1	3	7	3	45	48	28
Hibernian ...	26	7	3	3	5	8	0	56	49	27
Partick T ...	25	8	4	1	4	7	1	48	55	26
Clyde	24	6	4	1	5	7	1	51	50	24
St Johnstone	24	6	3	2	4	7	2	53	56	24
Third Lanark	25	5	2	5	3	8	2	59	67	25
St Mirren ...	25	6	4	3	2	8	2	38	51	21
Ayr U	25	5	3	4	2	9	2	49	60	20
Queen's Park	24	4	5	3	3	9	0	37	55	17
Arbroath ...	25	4	5	3	0	9	4	28	56	15
Raith R.	26	3	8	2	3	10	0	47	73	14
Albion R.	25	4	8	1	1	8	3	39	67	14

ENGLISH LEAGUE—SECOND DIVISION.

	P	Home W.	L.	D.	Away W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	A.	Pts
Blackburn R.	25	9	3	1	6	4	2	59	34	35
Sheffield U ..	24	5	2	5	6	2	4	41	25	31
Newcastle U ..	24	10	1	2	3	6	2	44	26	30
Coventry C ...	23	8	1	2	4	6	2	36	27	28
West Brom. A	23	10	1	0	3	7	2	61	47	28
Sheffield Wed	23	7	3	2	4	4	3	58	42	27
Manchester C	23	8	4	0	4	4	3	64	47	27
Fulham ...	23	7	1	3	3	6	3	36	30	26
Luton T ...	23	6	2	3	5	7	0	43	39	25
Tottenham H	23	7	0	5	3	7	2	36	34	25
Chesterfield	24	8	2	1	2	7	4	38	36	25
West Ham ..	23	7	3	2	3	6	2	44	33	24
Burnley	25	8	2	2	0	7	6	31	37	24
Millwall	23	6	2	3	2	6	4	38	32	23
Bradford	24	5	3	5	2	7	3	40	47	22
Plymouth A ...	23	5	3	3	3	8	1	27	33	20
Bury	24	4	5	4	2	5	4	32	45	20
Southampton	23	5	3	3	2	8	2	34	47	19
Swansea T ...	22	2	4	5	1	5	5	26	45	16
Notts F.	23	3	3	5	2	7	3	29	51	16
Norwich C. ...	22	7	3	1	0	11	0	27	54	15
Tranmere R	24	4	7	3	0	11	0	27	60	10

ENGLISH LEAGUE—THIRD DIVISION (Southern Section).

	P.	Home W.	L.	D	Away W.	L.	D	Goals F	A.	Pts
Newport Co ...	22	10	0	2	6	3	2	38	25	34
Crystal Pal. ...	21	9	0	2	5	4	3	41	26	29
Brighton C	23	9	1	1	3	7	2	40	30	27
Aldershot ..	22	8	1	2	3	4	5	30	26	27
Reading	23	5	1	4	5	4	6	37	29	26
Queen's P.R.	22	6	1	3	5	5	4	46	27	25
Swindon T ...	22	9	1	2	2	7	1	44	25	25
Northampton	23	9	1	2	2	8	1	36	55	25
Notts Co	21	7	2	3	2	5	2	30	25	23
Bristol C	22	8	2	1	1	6	4	35	36	23
Watford	22	7	1	4	1	7	2	32	29	22
Port Vale	21	6	3	3	2	6	1	30	29	20
Cardiff C.	21	5	4	0	2	4	6	29	33	20
Exeter C.	22	4	2	5	2	6	3	36	48	20
Southend U ...	19	5	1	2	1	7	3	33	37	17
Clapton O. ...	20	4	1	6	1	7	1	24	27	17
Ipswich T	20	4	3	2	2	6	3	24	29	17
Mansfield T ...	21	4	2	3	2	8	2	25	44	17
Bournemouth	20	3	2	4	2	7	2	20	27	16
Bristol R.	22	3	4	5	1	7	2	21	26	15
Torquay U. ...	20	2	2	6	3	5	2	20	34	14
Walsall	21	2	5	2	1	8	3	19	35	11

SCOTTISH LEAGUE—SECOND DIVISION

	P.	Home W.	L.	D.	Away W.	L.	D.	Goals F	A.	Pts
Cowdenbeath	22	9	0	2	9	1	1	75	27	39
East Fife	23	10	2	0	6	1	4	71	37	36
Alloa	23	9	1	1	7	4	1	69	33	34
Airdrie	22	8	2	0	4	3	5	50	38	29
Dunfermline A	21	6	2	3	4	5	1	39	47	24
Dumbarton	21	4	3	5	3	2	4	46	44	25
Dundee U	22	8	3	0	2	6	3	43	43	25
St Bernards ..	22	8	3	0	1	6	4	55	54	22
Morton	21	7	1	3	1	7	3	42	42	21
Stenhousemuir	22	6	2	3	2	8	1	37	44	20
Brechin C. ..	22	5	2	5	2	7	1	53	64	20
Dundee	22	6	3	2	1	8	2	54	47	18
Forfar A.	22	7	3	2	1	9	0	48	82	18
King's Park	20	5	4	1	3	7	0	55	46	17
East Stirling	21	2	4	5	4	8	0	61	82	15
Leith A.	21	5	4	1	1	9	1	37	50	14
Montrose ...	22	3	5	2	1	8	2	52	72	12
Edinburgh C	21	1	8	1	0	9	2	30	86	5

Our Readers' Page

SAFETY FIRST FOR NIGHT CYCLING

CYCLISTS!—When riding by night, are you ever dazzled by the headlights of an oncoming car? If so, here is a tip which will help you.

When the approaching car is about 100 yards from you, cover your lamp with one hand for a few seconds.

This will tell the driver to dip his lights, and I personally have found this method most effective.—L. F. (Cleckheaton).

WHEN SHARPENING PENKNIVES—

WHEN sharpening a penknife don't use an ordinary stone. The steel in the penknife is so fine that the rough stone would just blunt the blade.

The proper thing to use is a piece of slate, the smoother the better. This puts a fine edge on most penknives.—S. Brown, 89 Kendal Rise Road, Rubery, Birmingham.

TOUCH-LINES WERE BLUE!

NOW that cup ties are here again it is interesting to recall outstanding matches of past years

One of the most curious ties ever played was between Southampton and Tottenham Hotspur in 1902. The teams had drawn twice, and the second replay had to take place on neutral ground, and Reading was the venue chosen.

But when the day of the match arrived it was impossible to mark out the pitch, as it had been snowing for 24 hours. And it was impossible to sweep the snow away for the flakes were still falling

At last somebody had an idea, and the whole pitch was marked in bright blue lines on the snow. Play began, but the falling snow soon obliterated these blue marks.

So a man with the marker had to walk round the touch-line while the game proceeded continually re-marking the blue lines. And whenever he had a chance he would dodge on to the field and fill in the other lines.

Thus the match was played, and one of the queerest of all cup ties ended with Southampton victors by 2-1—" South-Eastern " (Loudon, S.E.16).

TOEING THE DARTS LINE.

BICKERING about foul throws owing to standing on the line has been ended in our darts club by fixing the wooden toe line on to a push-bell.

As soon as the player stands on the line a bell rings warning a foul throw This hint may be very useful to other dart clubs. — M. Bridge, 78 Huxley Row, Edmonton, London, N.18.

PRAISE FOR CROOK—AND " BOHEMIAN."

MAY I express my appreciation of " Bohemian's article entitled " Stars, But They Never Get Capped "

This article to me was very interesting, and what is more very true, in my mind

I often wonder if " Topical Times " is ever read by our team selectors. I should imagine in my mind that if it was some new caps would be forthcoming.

Surely the players that " Bohemian " mentions are obviously in the limelight Take for instance, Walter Crook, of Blackburn Rovers Probably you will think I am a " Rovcrite " Well, to be truthful, I am, but I watch both teams, and I can honestly say that this player's cap is long overdue

All the other players he has mentioned I have had the pleasure of watching, and I sincerely agree with " Bohemian " on what he has said about them and I would like to congratulate him on this very interesting article But let me just remind you again of that brilliant left-back, Walter Crook, and hope for a cap for him in the near future.—B. W. (nr. Darwen).

A SMOKING HINT.

MANY of us only smoke half a cigarette at a time or have to put it out after only smoking part of it, for some reason or other. Somehow, it always seems to have a stale taste when lit again

If, however, after being pinched out, the cigarette is immediately replaced in the mouth and blown through instead of drawn, quite a little cloud of smoke will be expelled

When the cigarette is relit later, the burnt taste will be absent and, in fact, it tastes as fresh as a new cigarette. The difference will surprise you—just try it!—J Haigh, 117a High Street, Croydon

BETTER LIGHTS FOR LOCOMOTIVES.

WHEN are our railways going to keep in line with the many improvements, for speed and comfort, and have a searchlight in front of their engines instead of a common oil lamp?

A searchlight would illuminate the track for a considerable distance, and also give users of level crossings better warning on a dark winter night than a common oil lamp.—Deaf and Dumb (Arbroath).

HE MAKES STAR PLAYERS.

AN unknown hero—Mr Bert Kinmann is his name. This man has made more footballers than anyone I know, yet you hardly here his name mentioned.

Until recently, he was trainer and coach for Sheffield schoolboys, and has put many lads on the road to success

If anyone doubts this statement, ask — Boyes (Everton), Willingham and Hayes (Huddersfield), Carr and Jackson (Sheffield U.), Jenkinson (Stockport), Burley (Darlington), Fearnley (Denaby), Hinsley (Barnsley) and a host of other players for which I haven't space to mention

He taught all these lads and yet keeps himself in the background. That's what I call modesty!—Joe Wilson, BK 88 Daniel Hill Street, Walkley, Sheffield, 6.

STILL AT THE TOP!

WHEN turning over the pages of some old newspapers dated 1893 I noticed that the same three teams were at the top of the Scottish League. Here is the league of November, 1893.—

	P	W.	L.	D	Goals F	A	Pts.
Celtic, ...	10	8	1	1	30	13	17
Rangers, ...	10	6	1	3	26	14	15
Hearts, ...	11	6	2	3	27	21	15
St Bernards, ..	12	7	4	1	32	24	15
Dumbarton, .	12	4	3	5	20	22	13
St Mirren, ...	11	5	4	2	28	21	12
Dundee, ...	11	3	8	2	24	34	8
3rd L.R.V., .	11	3	6	2	23	35	8
Leith Ath., .	12	3	8	1	23	33	7
Renton, .	12	0	10	2	17	33	2

—R Rait, 46 Cattofield Place, Aberdeen.

5/- WILL BE PAID—
for every letter printed on this page. Have you sent in your attempt yet? If not, get down to it now, and send in a letter, on any interesting subject, to:—READERS' LETTERS, c/o " TOPICAL TIMES," 12 FETTER LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

Royal Danieli
Rockquilla
Rudolph IV

My Three From The Grand National 69

THE sixty-nine Grand National entries are made, and plans will be materialising.

The Irish horse, Royal Danieli, will, I believe, be seen out at Nottingham next month; then possibly have another race at Haydock just prior to the date of the big Liverpool 'chase.

The trainer of Royal Mail has decided to make the "National" the horse's main objective. He won't run at Cheltenham, so should have a preparation after his trainer's heart.

They don't like overdoing things at Wroughton, which is one reason why fancied "National" runners from this quarter are not raced much over "park" tracks.

As Royal Mail is a previous winner of the

By SANTOI

race he will have to be taken seriously into consideration.

Airgead Sios is in the Champion 'Chase as well as the more important affair. I fancy the "Champion" will be his real objective.

Rudolph IV, already a strong tip, jumps in approved Liverpool style. If he is fast enough in the early stages, he might outleap them all. He is certainly an animal of immense possibilities.

There is some liking at Newmarket for the chance of Jovial Judge. I may be wrong, but Mr Jack Jarvis's animal does not strike me as one who will be up to such a stiff task. The "National" is a race for the out-and-out stayer, I doubt Jovial Judge coming within the category.

The better of War Vessel and Flying Minutes will need to be considered. I have a great liking for Flying Minutes, and here you have a game animal who can jump.

Black Hawk, La Touche, Savon, Kirkwall, Inversible and Loyal Prince are all possibilities, but animals of the calibre of Royal Danieli, Royal Mail, Rockquilla, Macauley, Workman, Cooleen, and Rudolph IV are the ones most likely to make strong appeal to the discriminating backer.

If we can find the right one from **Royal Danieli, Rockquilla and Rudolph IV** it should go a long way towards solving an intricate problem.

There's a long race at Sandown on Thursday this week which may throw some light on the "National," the Prince's Handicap 'Chase.

Macaulay is top-weight, and I understand he is a probable runner.

Rightun, no doubt, will endeavour to make every yard of the running, but last time such tactics were not successful.

Cooleen runs, I believe, but this mare appears to be still backward.

Timber Wolf is overrated, and may not have forgotten his fall at a previous meeting here.

One nicely handicapped is La Touche. Danger will spring from this quarter.

And I could fancy the chance of Pet Son if there is any encouragement in the right quarter.

Best of the bottom-weights should be Spionaud.

I shall stand

MACAULAY

to give the weight to **Spionaud**, who is next best.

"T.T." STAR SYSTEM

THE racing expert who has made large profits during the past six seasons from his special system gives you his selections for this week. The numbers following the names of the horses are the numbers from the system. The horse with the highest number is the selection. In the event of the horse with the highest number not running the horse with the next highest number becomes the tip.

Where two or more form figures are equal the first-mentioned horse is preferred. 5 points represent 1 length; 1 point equals 1lb. The form figures are calculated on a standard weight of 9st.

SANDOWN PARK, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 11.

1. 0.—**FREE CHOICE 728, SPIN SPIN 724, ASCETIC'S PRIDE 721, XENON 721.**
1.30.—**SIR BERTIE 737, PITOU 736, PRIOR JACK 735, GAY SUNSHINE 726.**
2. 0.—**LUTIN III 761, ARTFUL DODGER 757, ONO COP 754, SCOTCH WOOD 734.**
2.30.—**KHORDAD 755, JAKE SMITH 749, RAM ALONG 744, VITEMENT 744.**
3. 0.—**ROYAL WINE 758, BLACK HAWK 758, FROBISHER 751, MONTREJEAU II 750.**
3.30.—**PASSEPORT II 741, BAHUDDIN 739, LE MYSTERE 726, GOLDEN SPIDER 724.**

SANDOWN PARK, THURSDAY, JAN. 12.

1. 0.—**MY SANDWICH 733, PLANCETTA 731, CIRCUS BOY 730, SPEED TRAP 719.**
1.30.—**DARK RAVINE 751, RED EAGLE 744, ONO COP 742, QUE TAL 739.**
2. 0.—**L'ESTAQUE 748, UP SABRE 744, DOMENICO 743, CELIBATE II 738.**
2.30.—**DOMINICK'S CROSS 762, COOLEEN 756, MACAULAY 754, BAMBOU II 754.**
3. 0.—**WESTERN WAVE 740, KARLSTAR 736, JOHN PRESTON 723, TALLIN 721.**
3.30.—**DRUMSTICK 731, JOHN BUCHAN 729, BOLGO 728, POET'S BLISS 726.**

WINDSOR, FRIDAY, JANUARY 13.

1. 0.—**PASSEPORT II 732, COTTENHAM 730, TELAMON 726, TUBBERMOOR 724.**
1.30.—**LINDBERGH 734, SPIN SPIN 727, JIMMY'S PET 724, FERRANS 723.**
2. 0.—**BALLADEUR 764, CULTURED PEARL 736, PETOFORD 734, THE BLUE BOY 733.**
2.30.—**BLACK HAWK 768, LUTIN III 765, BELACHANCE 748, ABLINGTON 743.**
3. 0.—**KNIGHT OF MONASTER 737, BOB EACH WAY 734, PRINCE ACHILLE 734, CACTUS II 730.**
3.30.—**MRS GRUNDY 734, FAIR OUTLOOK 733, GAY HUSSAR 720, PRINCE MEMNON 719.**

WINDSOR, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14.

1. 0.—**PRAXITHELES II 725, BILL VILLAR 719, POET'S BLISS 719, ATKINSON 714.**
1.30.—**WEST KENT 754, MANCHESTER CITY 740, SABRE 736, EL DEMONIO 730.**
2. 0.—**LUTIN III 769, CO-ER 743, BRIGHT ARMOUR 740, BIMCO 734.**
2.30.—**CHESTERTON 759, ALEXANDRINA 755, ONO COP 753, TRESCA 749.**
3. 0.—**REPLETION 731, RAVENFIELD 723, IRISH DELIGHT 721, MONK'S CHANT 720.**
3.30.—**SIR BERTIE 730, TUBBERMOOR 723, ROYAL EXCHANGE 723, GAY HUSSAR 720.**

DERBY, MONDAY, JANUARY 16.

Burton 'Chase.—**HEARTBREAK 760, TELSCOMBE SQUIRE 754, RED HILLMAN 750, CYCLAMEN 746.**
Novices' Chase.—**L'ESTAQUE 734, BLACK CLOAK 720, ARRAN-CO-ON 717, BLACK FRIAR 710.**
Derby Hurdle.—**LAVENGRO 744, NINTH DUKE 740, KHORDAD 738, HOLBETON POINT 730.**
Matlock S. 'Chase.—**CUBICLE 734, ADAMANT 733, LYCURGUS 724, THE SPIDER 724.**
Elwall Hurdle.—**PRAXITHELES II 744, LOUIS THE GREAT 739, SILVER BUGLE 734, BOLLINGER 734.**
High Peak S. Hurdle.—**MISS CANADA 723, PLANCETTA 719, CIRCUS BOY 718, SHORTS 717.**

DERBY, TUESDAY, JANUARY 17.

Grangewood Hurdle.—**PERTH BRIDGE 729, TABARIN II 715, THEDDINGWORTH 711, FATAL INTERVIEW 710.**
Eyrkley 'Chase.—**DARK RAVINE 745, BELL BOY 739, SHREWMOUSE 734, TOP TOI 734.**
Round The World Hurdle.—**NOCE ARGENT 769, MR TICKLER 739, DONNA MIA 739, RED WOLF 738.**
Aston S. Hurdle.—**ROSBITER 727, SHANGARRY 725, BISHOP'S MOVE 718, DOLOGOATH 717.**
Breadsall 'Chase.—**RIGHTUN 753, LITTLE STRANGER 732, GOLDSCLEUGH 729, RHODEUS 723.**
Lockington S. 'Chase.—**TRIPLEPATTE II 731, FREE CHOICE 727, CHINA SEA 724, RUSSIAN SENTRY 724.**

MELLBURNE runs a 10lb. better horse at Sandown than elsewhere. Is fancied for the Stanley 'Chase on Wednesday. If the stable decides to run **Dinton Lad** instead the tip would be obvious.

Dutch Gold is still good enough to pick up "sellers." Should take some beating for the Ripley 'Chase at Sandown on Wednesday.

Stong should be worth noting if sent to run for the Village Selling Hurdle at Sandown on Wednesday.

Bahuddin won so comfortably at Newbury that there does not appear to be much danger to the gelding in the Metropolitan Hurdle at Sandown on Wednesday, despite a 10lb. penalty.

My Sandwich, bought by the Epsom trainer, "Gerry" Hardy, after winning recently, is expected to prove a fairly good thing for the Woking Hurdle at Sandown Park on Thursday.

Brilliant Jack is a "rod in pickle" for a long-distance hurdle handicap. Watch this horse; is now on a handy mark.

Fet runs at Windsor if the going is thought to be right. Is in the Clarence Hurdle on Friday, and there does not appear to be a lot to beat.

Tallin should pick up the Novices' 'Chase on Sandown's second day, as Steeltip is a disappointing sort of customer.

Ramtaps is worth another stake if the going is good at Sandown.

Spin Spin is expected to pull off a selling 'chase. May run at Windsor on Friday.

Black Hawk is one I am strongly advised to watch. Is a good stayer. If kept for Windsor ought to go close for the Borough Steeplechase on Friday.

Sarn may be one of Walter Nightingall's good things this week. Has a tempting engagement at Windsor on Friday.

Two Rivers is an earmarked winner from Weyhill. Will, no doubt, be slipped for a four-year-old maiden hurdle.

Gay Hussar has a chance if sent to Windsor on Saturday. Is overdue for a win.

The Blue Boy is in good form. Though he will be tackling better class in the Royal Hurdle at Windsor on Friday, his speed should get him home, if he jumps as well as he did last time out.

SANTOI'S SIX BEST

Wednesday:
ASTERABAD — 2.0 at Sandown Park.
PRUDENT ACHTOI — 2.30 at Sandown Park.

Thursday.
IBRAHIM II—1.30 at Sandown Park.
ONTARIO II—2.0 at Sandown Park.

Friday:
PETOFORD—2.0 at Windsor.

Saturday:
BLUE HEATH—1.0 at Windsor.

Week-End Double:
AKELA—2.0 at Windsor.
ALEXANDRINA—2.30 at Windsor.

UPS *and* DOWNS WITH *the* ROVERS

"I SUFFERED MORE THAN ANY MAN BREATHING."

That's what Arthur Cowell, famous international full-back, says about a momentous spell during which he trained Blackburn Rovers.

The Rovers in training for their successful Cup Final effort in 1928. The players are—Rankin, Crawford, Roxburgh (reserve), Puddefoot, Healless, Roscamp, Campbell, Mitchell (res.), Hutton, Jones, Rigby, McLean, Thornewell and Holland (res.).

I STARTED with Blackburn Rovers in 1905. In the thirty-three years which have elapsed the Rovers have had a few ups and downs.

From around 1908 up to the war we had a good side. After the war there was a bit of a slump. Then came the cup-team of 1928, and then another slump lasting until 1936, when the club lost its status as a First Division club.

When I joined the club the side was nothing out of the ordinary—despite Bob Crompton being there. Of course, there were traditions, lasting from the famous victories in the cup three years in succession—1883 to 1886.

Then there came into the club the famous Cotton brothers. Lawrence Cotton and his brother Clem were two wealthy men of Blackburn who decided that the club was worthy of the very best in football. So they set out to build a side—with vigour and with money.

What a Team!

They brought Jock Simpson from Falkirk, Danny Shea from West Ham; George Chapman from Glasgow Rangers, Hodkinson from Stockport; Joe Clennel from Blackpool, Tinker Davies from Wrexham.

Later, to these were added Latheron and Aitkenhead. These names—along with those of Crompton, Bradshaw, Percy Smith, Albert Walmsley—built up a team. And what a team!

In 1912 we won the league; in 1914 we won the league. And around that time we were twice in the cup semi-final in three years.

In 1911-12 we thought we had the cup won. The championship was safe in our pockets when we came to play West Bromwich in the semi-final at Liverpool. We absolutely walked around the Albion. We did everything but score and the score was none-apiece at full-time.

The replay was held at Owlerton, then the home of Wednesday. Same thing again. We had it all our own way but we couldn't score.

Extra time was called. The first quarter of an hour contained no scoring. Then, in the last minute of the last quarter came a score. They got one. A freak if ever there was one.

The first movement came about five yards over the half way line. We were, as usual, all up attacking. Jephcott, the Albion right winger, got the ball. I went to tackle him (this being almost on the half-way line). He didn't attempt to beat me but simply flung the ball across the centre of the field.

The Albion centre-forward ran into the ball, which was about waist-high; lifted his foot and smashed at it. He must have been quite fifty yards from goal, but the ball flew in like a rocket and settled in the top corner of the goal!

We got the ball to the centre, but before we could kick off the whistle went for time. Albion went on to lose to Barnsley in the final.

We were champions that year. The vital game for the championship was against Everton. Whoever won that game left his rivals in the rear. And in that game I saw one of the most brilliant bits of refereeing ever I've seen.

I Admired This Referee.

We scored a goal. The referee, the Rev. Marsh (now in a living at Nelson), blew offside. But one of the Everton backs was standing by the goalpost—so obviously the goal couldn't have been offside.

We pointed this out to Mr Marsh. He instantly saw the position and without any further ado, or consulting of linesmen, he reversed his decision and gave us a goal—without protest from the Everton fellows.

Not that protesting would have done them much good. As you can see, Mr Marsh had a mind of his own. We went on to win by 3-1.

In that same season there was a game which I will always remember as a tragedy on its day, but a laugh ever afterwards. That was against Woolwich Arsenal on the Plumstead ground.

The club had taken us all down to watch the cup-final, and we had to play the match against the Arsenal on the Monday. Woolwich in those days were by no means the power that the modern Arsenal are, and we were expected to knock spots off them.

Before the match Mr Lawrence Cotton came into our dressing-room and told us that it was up to us to show the Londoners that we were real champions.

We rolled up our sleeves, went forth to do or die. And got beaten by five to one!

Three Star Teams.

For about five years, up to the war, Blackburn Rovers was reckoned as one of the three best teams in England. There were only two teams which really were comparable with us, Newcastle United and Manchester United.

Manchester United in those days had the famous Duckworth, Roberts and Bell half-back line, Meredith the two Turnbulls, George Wall and Harold Halse were in the forwards.

Newcastle United had Lawrence, McCracken, Colin Veitch; Peter McWilliam, Low, Rutherford and company. Yes, there were giants in those days.

Then came the war. After the war Rovers were reassembled. Jock Simpson was a sick man. Pinky Latheron was dead killed on the

battle-front, Bob Crompton was getting on in years. Danny Shea was past his prime.

Altogether there were about half a dozen left of the great team—and they were all four years older.

I played on and off for a couple of seasons after the war, but a knee injury didn't come [illegible], and I had to start up as a third team [illegible] go so well.

Slowly (team-building is always slow) there began to gather the nucleus of another team. Johnny McKay came down from Scotland, Ted Harper joined us; the directors went out and bought Syd Puddefoot, Billy Rankin, Jock Hutton and Arthur Rigby. Things buckled up a bit and in 1928 we won the cup.

At that time I was only the assistant trainer and therefore had little to do with things.

After 1928 matters began to go bad again until, around 1933, the club began actually to look sick. There was a depression in the area.

The Cotton brothers had died and it was hard about that time in Lancashire to get men of money to come into football.

Then, in 1935-6 season came the worst stroke of all. Rovers went into the Second Division.

Players had been sold to keep things going—Jack Milne had gone to Arsenal, and since then Jesse Carver has gone to Newcastle; Jim Gorman to Sunderland, and so on.

It was only at the tail-end of the following season when Division Three was looming dangerous, that new men were bought and the team buckled up again. During that relegation period things went every way wrong. It was seldom we finished a match with a full team.

Against Derby, we lost Jack Bruton after ten minutes, against Sunderland we struggled all the game without Jesse Carver. Against Bolton we had Sale and Pryde off, at Sheffield Norman Christie was a passenger, Jack Hughes had his spine injured, our other two goalkeepers were injured—Jim Barron with a broken finger, Cliff Binns was injured at Everton and we had to get an amateur from a Liverpool junior club and pay [illegible].

Naturally, the confidence was going. Nor had we adequate reserves. Youngsters without experience were being plunged into the game.

Then the directors got the panic. In three months we had fifty-three positional changes! Some were caused through injuries; as many through panic. Half-backs were played forwards, forwards at half-back, and so on. All wrong.

As trainer I was criticised. Finally I left—though that is something I prefer not to discuss. But, believe me, I suffered more than any man breathing during that spell.

Up, The Rovers!

Remember, I was a Rover. I was born within a mile or two of the ground. I played all my life with them. And though I had seen some ups and downs, nothing will ever make me suffer more than that terrible period when we dropped out of the First Division.

As trainer I may be held partly responsible. But that I'm not arguing. I am glad to see Rovers doing well again. And though I am a cast-off, my heart is still with them.

May they flourish again. So that men like Crompton, Simpson, Latheron, may never be ashamed to admit to having been with Blackburn Rovers.

SONG HITS OF 1939

Including ALL THE BIG PANTO FAVOURITES

FREE WITH THIS WEEK'S THOMSON'S WEEKLY NEWS

The Sentinel At Your Service

(Continued from page 14).

S. A. L. (Bath).—Woolsey, of the famous Wheeler and Woolsey partnership, died recently. His partner is still alive.

F. G. I. (Birmingham).—Only address I can give is Len Harvey, c/o Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead Heath, London.

M. V. (Nuneaton).—Deanna Durbin, Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

A. G. (Port-Glasgow). — Bing Crosby, Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

A. E. A. (Whitstable).—I will be pleased to give you any film stars' addresses you wish. Some stars reply personally, but in other cases, where the fan mail is very heavy, secretaries do so.

Red Net. — Nat Gonella, c/o Decca Records, 1-3 Brixton Road, London, S.W.9. Harry Roy, 1 Norris Street, Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

M. L. S (Dorchester). — You should write for this information to the Secretary, British News, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12.

Stoked (Bakewell).—[illegible]

J. A. P. (Staffs).—Maxie Rosenbloom, c/o Frank Bachman, 1245 N. Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

J. M. S (Birmingham). — (1) Frank O'Donnell is a British boxer and was born at Buckhaven, Fife. Bob Iverson was born at Folkestone. (2) No.

J. J. (Wednesbury). — No, West Bromwich's record defeats are—8-1 v. Notts County in 1892, 8-1 v. Sunderland in 1895, and 7-0 v. Fulham in 1927. "Topical Times Football Annual" was not published in 1911.

Villa Supporter (Portsmouth).—The Villa badge costs 6d. each, by A. Wales & Son, 45 Lodge Street, West Bromwich.

Red Fan (Barnsley).—See second part of my reply to Villa Supporter (Portsmouth).

Arsenal Fan (Leeds).—See second part of my reply to Villa Supporter (Portsmouth).

Waiting Patiently (Bradford).—Stockport County F.C., Edgeley Park, Stockport.

Regular Reader (Orkney).—Communicate, giving full details and enclosing stamped addressed envelope for reply, with any of the following recognised "exchanges" in the hotel trade—Alfred Marks, London Employment Bureau, 8 Frith Street, London, W.1; Beacons Staff Agency, Ltd., 9 Bloomsbury Way, London, W.C.1; Burbett's Bureau, 7 Dean Street, London, W.1. You will satisfy yourself, of course, of all necessary details as to wages and conditions of employment, terms with agency for introduction &c.

T.T. For Ever (Bigbury).—(1) Manchester United v. Arsenal, 1935-37 Joe Rowley, Broughton, Brown, Vose, McKay, Bryant, Mutch, Bamford, Rowley, Manley, Herod, Hulme. 1936-37 Brown, Griffiths, Bray, Bell, Winterbottom, Wheeler, Cape, Gladwin, Mutch, Baird, Manley. United won 2-1. Scorers—Mutch and Baird.

Lewis (Wrexham).—Yes.

Boxing Fan (Glan). Tommy Farr, c/o Joe Gould, 15 Central Park West, New York City. I think he would be pleased to receive your sketch. For photograph you should enclose with your request a 1s International Correspondence Coupon, obtainable from any P.O.

J. M (Tottenham).—Eric Boon has been called both Boy and Roy.

Non-Stop New York (Southport).—(1) Joe Louis, c/o Joe Martin, 39 East Garfield Boulevard, Chicago, U.S.A. Max Baer, c/o Ancil Hoffman, Route 1, Box 134, Fair Oaks, California, U.S.A. Lou Nova, c/o Ray Carlin, Dauphin Hotel, New York, U.S.A. Tommy Farr c/o Joe Gould, 15 Central Park West, New York, U.S.A. (2) Yes. (3) I rank them—1 Joe Louis. 2, Max Baer. 3, Lou Nova. 4, Tommy Farr.

Miss (Oldham).—"The Decimal Book," by Flavell, 1s. net. Publishers—Davis & Mc.

S.A. (Rochester).—Apply to Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, 62-64 Gower Street, London, W.C.1.

J. N. N. (Whittlesey).—Suggest you obtain "How To Breed Cinnamon Wags Budgerigars," by Humphries, 1s 6d. Publishers—Marshall P.

Favour (Yorks).—(1) The address is—His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, 3 Belgrave Square, London, S.W.1. (2) Sir, I remain, Your Royal Highness's most humble and obedient servant. (4) Bob Crosby, c/o Decca Records, 1-3 Brixton Road, London, S.W.9. Mark envelope Please forward. Billy Thorburn, c/o Gerard Heath, 3 Denman Street, London, W.1. Jack Jackson, R. Murray Leslie (manager), 48 Cleveland Square, Lancaster Gate, London, W.2. Brian Lawrance and A. Bowlly, both c/o B.B.C., Broadcasting House, Portland Square, London.

N. N. (Birmingham).—(1) Deanna Durbin, Universal Studio, Universal City, California, U.S.A. (2) She was born on December 4, 1922.

Bexhill.—(1 and 2) See reply to **N. N. (Birmingham).** (3) For photograph you should enclose with your request a 1s International Correspondence Coupon, obtainable from any P.O.

True Blue (Hamilton).—Not given. Some actors are funny that way.

Turner.—"Physical Culture," by Sharma, 2s. Publishers—Fowler.

Hopeful (Barnet).—London representatives are—W. H. Levy, 113-117 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

A. L. (Ipswich). — The bride, bridegroom, chief bridesmaid, and best man always sign the register. Sometimes close friends and relatives are asked to do so. (2) It is not necessary to wear gloves if long sleeves are worn. (3) Ask the minister, as all ceremonies are not alike.

B. A. (Chatham). — (1) Write to the Mayor of one of the towns. (2) A shooting star is believed to be a transient, luminous, celestial body that enters the earth's atmosphere with great velocity.

Patience (Liverpool, 8).—(1) You should first write inquiring the cost. Try Universal Pictorial Press, 15 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. (2) I do not know of any place where they can be obtained. Ask your newsagent to help you. (3) Billy Bennett did not appear in "Romance in Manhattan." The actor was Jimmy Butler.

T.T Reader (Godalming).—(1) Hugh O'Donnell has not yet been capped. (2) Yes.

G. T. M. (Ewell).—Margaret Lockwood, Gaumont-British Films, Pinewood, Iver, Bucks. For photo enclose a 1s P.O.

Soccer Supporter (Belmont). (1) You can send the photos — at your own risk. The best way would be to apply personally. (2) Jack Barker, c/o Derby County F.C., Baseball Ground, Derby.

T.T. Fan.—Maxie Rosenbloom, c/o Frank Bachman, 1245 N. Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Arsenal Fan (Bromley).—(1) You can try your luck although the chances are doubtful. (2) Arsenal F.C., Arsenal Stadium, Highbury, London, N.5.

A. B. W. (Romford).—(1) The writer, Frank Hough, is not the boxer. (2) Universal Pictorial Press, 15 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Mike (Farnworth).—As there are various types, your best plan is to ask any electrical dealer, describing the pattern.

Topical Times Fan. — It is not divulged. I don't think it's a secret.

B. K (Beadle). — Smoking may spoil your wind a bit. Keeping together is the only rule for any boxer. (The smoking habit.—Ed. Yes, there is one of the best ways. Write to Mr. A. Jones, agent, and get a line for you. (4) Walker Ludrum, 55 Wells Mews, London. Dudley Ward's Hall, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

Dumbbell 28 (Carlisle). You will, of course, need a passport, once but that can come later. First you will need to interview some trainers and secure work with them. If you are as capable as you suggest they may be willing to give you a trial. I suggest [illegible] some addresses to suit you. Locality [illegible] at least be able to secure any further advice you require.—M. Peacock, Manor House, Middleham, Yorks; R. Easton Ripon, Yorks; S. Seymour, Wetherby, Yorks; J. S. Wight, Greenwood, Granthouse, Berwickshire; G. Mulholland, 6 Burlington Place, Carlisle.

Puncher (Staffs).—I am sorry I am unable to divulge this. You will understand that they would not appreciate publicity.

E. F. (Sportibet).—This is of no value.

E. B. (London).—Fine new specimens can be bought for 3s 6d. You should get in touch with a local dealer.

A. A. (Leeds).—These are of no value excepting perhaps the "Vicar." If date round about 1798 it might be worth £1.

J. G. H. (Wales). Of no value.

H. C. C. The set is worth 3s.

Hard Up (Gateshead). No value.

R. P (Scotland). I fear will have to send me a rubbing before I can value this. (2) Apply to the Topical Press Agency, 10-11 Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

A. W. R. Coin (Walsall).—(1) It is possible that you will have to pay additional rates. First you will have to get the plans passed by your local authority and then the assessor will decide. (2) If real gold, value 3s.

Sea-hive.—Apply to the Overseas Settlement Dept., Carlton House, Tothill Street, London, S.W.1.

Country Lad (Gravesend).—Jack London is 6ft. 2in. in height.

J. B. (Blackpool).—Len Harvey's son is now about eleven years of age.

R. P. (Wood Green).—Cox was born at Reading. Went to Northfleet and from there to Tottenham. Address, c/o Tottenham Hotspur F.C., Tottenham High Road, N.

Spurs Fan.—Spurs do not have a supporters club and do not issue any badge.

N. P. (London).—On October 6, 1913, Ted (Kid) Lewis k.o.d. Alec Lambert in 17th round at the N.S.C. to win the British feather-weight title and Lonsdale Belt.

J. E. (Grays).—Bombardier Billy Wells fought Joe Beckett twice. February 27, 1919, k.o.'d by Beckett in 5th round at Holborn Stadium and on May 10, 1920, k.o.'d by Beckett in the third round at Olympia.

Boxer (Widnes).—On November 27 Ted (Kid) Lewis beat Len Harvey at Manchester. Lewis retiring in the ninth round. Len Hampston won (disq.) over Benny Lynch in fifth round at Belle Vue, Manchester, on March 1, 1937.

"Sentinel Fan" (Lincoln).—Apply to the Overseas Settlement Department, Carlton House, Tothill Street, London, S.W.1.

Boxing Fan (Herts).—Yes. Apply to the stewards of your local branch of the B.B.C.

B. C. J. (Belgeily).—You should join a nearby amateur club where you enter into keen competition with the other members. Don't rush things at the start. Skill and science should come in good time.

Anthony (Purbright).—Practically anything, either game or exercise which helps to keep you fit and develop your muscles generally will improve this leg condition. Swimming, cycling, and horse-riding, are particularly good for it, but not essential.

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Write To-Day for Art List.

Boxing Revelations Told Exclusively for "Topical Times" by a World-Famous Promoter

MY SEARCH FOR A WORLD BEATER

by SYDNEY HULLS
AS TOLD TO LEO FULLER

AT the beginning of the war I was fifteen years old, and, unknown to my parents, joined up with the colours. I was all set to go out to France when my father heard of my joining up, and went round to the authorities and, much to my disgust, had me taken out of the army.

In 1916 I was still too young to serve, but with all the excitement still going on, I felt I had to do something. So I got a job on a cargo boat bound for Australia.

IN Sydney I saw Les Darcy, who is reputed to have been one of the best light heavyweights the world has ever seen. As I saw him score a spectacular win by the knockout route, I am inclined to agree with many of the legends that have arisen around his name.

He was a magnificent boxer, a murderous hitter and as fast as a gazelle. Built very much on the lines of Carpentier, I feel sure he would have gained a world title had he not died so tragically in the United States, shortly after his arrival there.

Back in London after my trip I joined the 19th London Regiment, but was transferred to the London Fusiliers and saw active service in France. Recuperating in hospital after being gassed I helped to organise inter-regimental tournaments at Etaples.

Back home in 1919 with the war mercifully at an end, I at once plunged in working with father in his Crystal Palace promotions

HOW PHIL SCOTT GOT HIS NAME

IN these promotions I think the Hulls family had a fine idea—running heavy-weight competitions for promising beginners, and selling seats to the public at a few shillings. We thus killed three birds with one stone—we gave many their chance; we gave the public some spirited fighting at very reasonable prices; and we made a good profit for ourselves

Among other achievements we set Phil Scott on the road to fame and fortune.

One year in the early nineteen-twenties we had entries from all over England for our competition. Among them a man named Phillip Suffling, who worked in the London Fire Brigade.

I watched him win a couple of eliminating bouts, and noticed that he had more idea of style than most of the novices. Then I found he was being coached along by Johnnie Summers, who exhibited much of his skill.

Anyway this Suffling punched his way through to the final in which he outpointed Guardsman Penwill.

In the semi-finals he was paired with a man named Isaac Ingleton, a fair-haired giant who was regarded as a definite white hope. In fact, he was being piloted by the famous American, Tex O'Rourke, who had been commissioned by a group of British sportsmen in America to come over and find a British fighter who might eventually develop into a challenger for the world's crown.

The evening of the arranged fight, Suffling came to me and said

"I'm sorry, Mr Hulls, but I can't go on."

He then told me that his two wins had attracted much publicity, and he was afraid he would get the sack from the Fire Brigade if he carried on.

"Well, damn it all, change your name," I replied. "Call yourself Phil—Phil Scott, for instance."

After much hesitation he agreed, and that's how Phil Scott was given his name, a name that in the future was to appear in headlines of the world's newspapers.

FIGHT AGAINST INGLETON

HIS fight with Ingleton was sensational. Isaac swarmed out, smashing madly with both hands, his bunched muscles working under his shoulders, but Scott met him with a terrific right to the chin and Ingleton crashed to the boards to be counted out. The bout lasted less than a minute.

Well, that was the end of Isaac Ingleton as a white hope, but it was the beginning of Phil Scott as a championship contender.

As you know, Scott has had an unusual career. There is no question but that he was a truly magnificent boxer, a boxer who, moreover, had a man-killing punch when he let it go. The fact remains, however, that in my opinion he lacked the tigerish instinct that is so essential for a front ranking heavy-weight

Scott, of course, made a great deal of money in his career, although he never fought for me again after he had been launched at the Crystal Palace, but he rose to be champion of Great Britain, and in Miami, Florida, he met Jack Sharkey for the heavy-weight championship of the world

It was a brief and sensational contest, finishing in the third round with Scott on the floor claiming a foul, a claim which, I understand from those who saw the fight, was more than justified.

TOMMY FARR'S AMAZING ACTION

IT was at one of the Crystal Palace shows that I first had dealings with Tommy Farr who figured in a quite extraordinary incident. Tommy was boxing Eddie Steele at a time when the latter was an up and coming performer

It was a rarin' tearin' fight, and both boys were giving all they had. Of the two, however, Steele seemed to be inflicting the heavier damage, scoring well to the face with a snappy left-hook.

The contest waged back and forth across the ring, and the eighth session provided some real fireworks, with Eddie all out for a win within the distance. In this eighth round he had the Welshman hanging on grimly, but you need a sledge-hammer to put Farr down for the full count, and he finished the round not only on his feet, but fighting back

When the bell ended hostilities temporarily, Tommy walked straight over to his corner, ducked under the ropes, and to the amazement of spectators, seconds and opponent, walked calmly down the aisle back to the dressing-rooms

Until a few months ago no one knew why Tommy took this extraordinary course, but on his return to England from U.S.A. he said his gumshield had been rammed down his throat!

I shall have much to say about Farr later.

BOXING'S BIGGEST PERSONALITY

AT the moment, I want to deal with one of the most fantastic personalities the boxing game has ever seen

A man who, whilst still a novice, could command the biggest British purse ever offered; a man who, rising from nowhere, hit the headlines of the world's newspapers and has stayed there ever since, whose fights, exploits, escapades, love affairs, take precedence over foreign wars in the public's interest.

A man who is an enigma even to those who

(Continued on next page.)

MY SEARCH FOR A WORLD-BEATER—Contd.

know him best, and who is undoubtedly a darling of the gods in every conceivable way—**Jack Doyle.**

As if it were yesterday, I can remember the first time I met Doyle, and the change the last few years has wrought in him is extraordinary.

It amuses me to think of the suave, polished handsome, well-dressed young giant as he is to-day, and the awkward young soldier who stood upright before me, dressed in an old pair of army greys, with his "convict cropped" hair and his air of deference as he said "yes, sir," and "no, sir" to all my questions!

He was 19 years old at the time, and Dan Sullivan had just bought him out of the Irish Guards for £30. Dan originally had seen him boxing in regimental shows at Windsor, and had come to me and asked me to give him a fight.

I promised to put him on at the Crystal Palace for a purse of £30, which, considering it was the boy's first fight, was extremely good.

Once again I little realised what I was starting when Jack ducked under the ropes to face Chris Goolding.

Despite his truly magnificent figure and his swelling, rippling muscles, he scarcely knew how to hold his hands, and for the first half of the round Goolding punched him from pillar to post.

Then a change came over the young giant.

His eyes flashed, his mouth tightened in a thin line, and he moved in, smashing. One of his wild, right-hand punches landed with a terrific impact against Goolding's chin and he literally bounced from the canvas as he flopped unconscious.

What a punch!

An amazed roar rose from the crowd, and from that very minute Jack Doyle was the greatest "draw" in British boxing. From that minute commenced the spectacular career of the two-shillings-a-day soldier.

His publicity was enormous, his personality lending itself to innumerable stories, and Dan Sullivan took him around the West End smartly dressed in his Guards' uniform, introducing him to all the celebrities, and getting him known as a public figure.

HAYMAKER THAT FINISHED CANDY EVANS.

WITH that first success under his belt, Jack was hugely pleased with himself and naturally, with my promotional instincts, I foresaw much money on the future to be made by the Irishman. But I decided to let his gameness and I matched him with Candy Evans, the Welsh rugby footballer, and a tough man if there ever was one.

Straightaway the fight was practically a sell-out, but in the game itself general opinion said that Doyle was over-matched, and that to put him in with a man of Evans' ruggedness was to ruin him before he started.

But I knew what I was about.

Doyle who had for his second fight already developed that self-confidence that was to become part of his make-up, seemed absolutely unworried as he waited for the first round.

In fact, he was out of his corner and rushing at Evans before the gong's echoes had died away—only to be pulled up short with a full-powered smash on the mouth. Evans then moved in and delivered a two-fisted bombardment to Jack's stomach, pinning him against the ropes, and making him twist and writhe in surprised pain.

A short left-hook to the chin shook him to the knees, and when I saw his eyes ablaze I feared that the match had been a mistake.

Suddenly, however, Jack untangled himself, and again his fighting Irish blood took possession of him.

With the blood running from the corner of his mouth, he threw Evans away from him, showing his prodigious strength, and as the Welshman came at him again, Doyle started his right hand pumping.

Evans easily evaded half a dozen wild punches but miscalculated a real haymaker, and the next he knew about the proceedings was two days later . . .!

He crashed to the canvas, was counted out and, my brother said, was still dazed six days 48 hours afterwards when both of them took a train to Halifax.

Once more publicity poured over Jack Doyle and we had the extraordinary case of a novice with only two professional fights behind him being described as a potential champion.

About that time Primo Carnera, the Italian giant, was enjoying tremendous success, and he started a vogue for over-sized fighters.

George McDonald, the veteran trainer, came to me one day with news of a young mammoth named Jack Pettifer, whom he had found working in the Regent Palace Hotel. I had given him a few fights at the Crystal Palace, and he had an unbeaten record, showing promise and a particularly good left hand. He hadn't the personality of Jack Doyle, but he was a willing scrapper and a great favourite with the Crystal Palace fans.

FIGHT THAT DREW THOUSANDS.

IN the meantime Jack Doyle went on to knock out his opponents as if he had a machine gun in his right hand. He knocked out Bill Partridge, and disposed of Guardsman Carter and Bobby Shields.

With each fight his attraction grew, until in the end I decided to match him with Pettifer. The demand for tickets simply swarmed us.

Two raw novices who had scarcely learned the A B C of boxing being able to draw such crowds. It was different in the older days, a man had to prove himself, but in these times boxing seems to be more of a gladiatorial exhibition than a sport, and personality appears to count more than skill.

On the Sunday before the fight I received a telephone call from Windsor, where Doyle was training, and learned that he was in bed with a heavy cold. My spirits sank immediately as I realised that the contest would have to be postponed. However, I journeyed to Windsor myself, and had a conference with Doyle and Salavan.

Jack's disappointment seemed as great as mine, and suddenly he said:

My Stories About Phil Scott, Tommy Farr, and Jack Doyle

"Let the fight go on, I'll take a chance."

And so on the Monday night you would have thought riots were going on outside the Crystal Palace. Thousands of people besieged the doors trying to get in at any price. It was the promoter's idea of heaven.

Jack Bloomfield was to have been the referee but he was taken ill at the last minute, and Ike Lewis was rung, ready in his dressing-room when I received the message.

"More trouble!" I groaned, and at that minute bumped into C. B. Thomas, who had come up from Wales to see the contest. Before he knew where he was he found himself installed into the ring as the official for the main bout!

I then knew I expected some trouble before the fight took place. As usual there was a certain atmosphere of excitement surrounding a Doyle fight, an atmosphere that must be created by the Irishman's amazing personality. Most of his contests have only gone two or three rounds, but they have always been thrill-packed affairs.

One way or another Jack gives his money's worth—though it isn't always with his boxing ability! On this night he was to provide the sensation of a decade.

Jack walked majestically into the ring accompanied by hysterical cheering from the crammed spectators. He smiled and waved at the ringsiders, while his gloves were being tied on. Pettifer seemed slightly nervous, but with his six feet seven odd inches he even towered over the huge Irishman.

Boom! went the gong, and two gladiators rushed at each other in a frenzy of punching. In their eagerness they missed with dozens of blows, but it was real spirited action, the kind of action the fans go crazy about, and over twelve thousand of them rose as one man and yelled wondrously.

It was obvious that both men possessed killing punches, and that one or the other of them would topple to the canvas if they stopped a haymaker.

Pettifer was grim and clear, belting away with his long arms and scoring with several rib crushers. Doyle was hopelessly wild again, and midway through the round he stopped a piston straight left full in the face, and swayed back on his heels for a second.

This seemed to give Pettifer his cue, because suddenly he forgot his rough house tactics and commenced boxing.

Now Pettifer could box when he wanted to, and knew far more of the finer points of the game than Doyle. Cooling down rapidly, he started scientifically to slaughter his foe, and in half a minute the Irishman was lurching about the ring, practically out on his feet, blood pouring from cuts, and his breath coming harshly.

There's the end of Jack Doyle, I thought to myself, as I saw him fall into the ropes with Pettifer on him like a boarhound, smashing home his left blows and crossing savagely with his right.

Gamely Doyle tried to fight back, but he was weakened and bewildered, and scarcely knew where he was.

The bell found him still up against the ropes, rubber-legged and obviously at the end of his tether. Gaspingly he sought his corner. And then the trouble started!

TROUBLE WITH A CAPITAL "T."

I HAD previously known that there was much partisanship connected with the match. Pettifer had a big following at Brighton, where he trained, and Doyle was supported by men who were not afraid to put their money down when they had the opportunity of backing him.

The rival sections were well in evidence, but the first round passed with nothing exciting happening outside the ring and, feeling satisfied that the spectators had seen plenty of things for their money in that opening three minutes, I was about to leave the ringside for refreshment, when I thought I had earned, when suddenly I heard the remarks—

"The Irishman's yellow."

Someone took up the cudgels on behalf of Doyle, and in a split second the two men concerned were fighting as hard as they could with some people trying to separate them and others joining in the fray.

I could see the affair ending in a riot unless prompt action were taken and, calling my officials together, I set to work to separate the men who had started the trouble. It was a tough job, but, strangely enough, although it seemed that I had been struggling for at least half an hour, the row had practically subsided when the timekeeper rang the bell for the start of the second round.

During this time Doyle's handlers worked feverishly over him trying to pull him round, and Sullivan gave him a slug of whisky.

A bell rang, but the brawl was in progress, and I endeavoured to keep one eye on the fight, at the same time lashing out, trying to drive the roughs away.

Now the odds against Doyle must have been astronomical, but to the amazement of everyone he shot from his corner tigerishly. He thrashed the air wildly with his powerful arms long before he closed with Pettifer, and he seemed utterly unconcerned about the rough house in his corner. Pettifer was surprised and before he could get his left hand working Doyle belted him flush on the cheek with a right swing.

He teetered backwards, and the Irishman sprang again. He missed hopelessly with his left hand, but another right-hander crashed across Pettifer's chin, and he landed on the canvas with a force that shook the structure.

In stunned surprise the crowd remained silent while Thomas counted a full ten over the inert Pettifer. Then earthquaking cheers rose, as Jack danced delightedly around the ring, waving his gloves deliriously.

Half consciously I realised what an amazing fight had just taken place, and that the extraordinary Irishman had, in half a dozen contests, punched his way into big time boxing.

It was undoubtedly the most thrill-packed six minutes I have ever experienced.

But I shall have much more to tell you about Doyle later.

In my next article I will tell you of Jack Petersen's first fight under my banner, the first contest with Walter Neusel and its sensational finish; Tommy Tucker, the "Sunday School Fighter."

BLACKIE THOUGHT HIMSELF IN CLOVER AS HE LISTENED TO THE VOICE OF THE POLICE ANNOUNCER, YET—

He Gave Himself Away

A Short Story By JACK HALL

The petrol station attendant looked round to find the muzzle of a revolver pointing straight at him.

THE STICK-UP.

FOR over three months the smooth service station bandit had eluded the police. For over three months the elusive bandit had played hare and hounds with the police, sticking-up filling station after filling station. The stick-ups were as daring as they came, and pulled off with the skill of the professional. In one week alone the bandit had stuck-up five filling stations without leaving a clue.

Sergeant Casey was at his chief's desk giving a detailed report on why the police had failed in their efforts to capture the stick-up artist.

But the chief wasn't interested in the report.

"I don't care if he has got a dozen radios in his car," he snapped. "Get him!"

Blackie Cavella was smooth, his methods well oiled. Blackie was a slender dark young man who dressed in the latest fashion. Yet he was one of the most daring gunmen the police of Seattle had ever encountered.

It was getting on for midnight when Blackie drove his high-powered car into the shadows of a dark clump of trees beside the road. He left the motor purring softly. He didn't believe in taking any chances with a cold motor. He turned a switch, and the sound of music came from below.

While he was waiting he pulled a gun from his pocket, examined it, ascertained that both the clips and the chamber were full, then dropped it back into his pocket. He sat listening to the radio for a few minutes, then he heard a police operator announcing the 11.30 test to all cars.

A satisfied grin appeared on Blackie's face, and he threw the car into gear. He purred along to the filling station a couple of hundred yards up the road, and as a sedan slid out Blackie drove in.

The lone overalled attendant was standing at the gasolene pump as Blackie slid in.

Blackie jumped out of the car. "No, I don't want any gas," he said to the attendant. "I want a can of oil for my gears. I'd like to see what kind of oil you got."

"Sure," the attendant smiled. "I guess we can fix you up all right."

Blackie followed him into the office. Then he started to give the attendant a more definite explanation of what he wanted.

The attendant reached up on a shelf to get a can of oil, and when he got the can and looked around, he looked straight into the muzzle of a revolver pointing straight at him, and there was no denying the menace and authority of the glinting gun held in the hands of the gunman.

"I'd hate to have to use this," Blackie explained to the startled attendant. "Now, buddy, reach for the sky, and make it snappy. I couldn't miss you if I tried. I don't like to use it, but sometimes when a dumb guy won't listen to reason you have to plug him. There was that Elliot Avenue filling station guy a couple of weeks ago."

The attendant knew all about the Elliot Avenue filling station shooting, and there was a hard cold glitter in the gunman's eyes, and his mouth was grim.

"All right," Blackie commanded. "Shell out the dough in your pockets and hand over that change machine."

"Listen, fella, you can't get away with this," the attendant stammered as the bandit cleaned out the cash register.

Blackie showed his teeth in a grim smile. "I'm sure going to make a try at it, anyway!"

The gunman walked leisurely to his car and slid into the seat. The car started in a second and leaped forward. Blackie turned east into Westlake Boulevard. The high-powered car raced forward, but not too fast to attract undue attention. A mile east he turned into a side street. He zig-zagged around a few blocks, then drew up at the kerb and turned the radio on.

The crisp voice of the police radio announcer came through the air.

"Calling all cars and motor-cycles. Calling all cars and motor-cycles. A filling station at Westlake Boulevard and 69th Street has just been held up." Then there followed a rather vague description of Blackie and his car. "Licence number unknown. The car was last seen speeding east on the Boulevard. All cars and motor-cycles concentrate on road leading to the Eastern cross-roads. This bandit is armed and is believed to be a killer. Signal 31. That is all now."

There was an ironic grin on Blackie's face as he removed his hat and coat and tossed them into an ashcan, and replaced the hat with a cap.

"Them dumb cops," he muttered, "will never lamp my car from that description, even if I was dumb enough to head east." He smiled as he turned west on Pine Street.

"STOP ALL CARS——!"

ONCE again the crisp voice of the police announcer blared from underneath. "Calling all cars! Calling all cars and motor-cycles! The bandit who just held-up the filling station at Westlake Boulevard is believed to be driving a car with only one headlight. Signal 52. Stop all cars with one headlight. That is all just now."

Blackie stiffened, and for a moment he felt the helpless, strangling sensation of a drowning man. He raised himself over the wheel and peered ahead. Both his lights seemed o.k. He turned the switch and flashed the beams several times. There didn't seem to be anything wrong with them. He settled back in the seat with a sigh of relief. "I wonder where them dopey cops got that one light stuff?" he muttered to himself.

But suddenly Blackie was startled out of his complacent reverie. For right alongside him came the shriek of a police siren and a police car put on a burst of speed and came up alongside his car. The muzzle of a machine-gun was thrust through the back window pointing straight at him.

He pulled up to the curve and tried to bluff it out after the manner of an indignant citizen. But the cops ignored his protests and gave him a quick and thorough frisk.

"Now in there, wise guy!" one of the officers snapped, shoving Blackie into the front seat of the police car, while he himself slipped in behind the wheel. Another officer, with the machine-gun nestled in his hands, settled in the back seat. The car raced off again, zig-zagging across the city to turn east on Westlake Boulevard. Sergeant Casey was waiting at the filling station when the car slid in.

"Yeah, that's the bird," the attendant nodded. Sergeant Casey took the policeman's place at the wheel. As the car started up the radio came to life. "All cars and motor-cycles resume patrol!" came crisp and clear over the air.

Sergeant Casey gave a self-satisfied grunt.

"So you think yourself a wise guy?" he said to the sullen gangster.

"I'm no sucker," the gunman admitted.

"You ain't even getting by, wise guy. Bend your ears forward and I'll slip you an earful of inside stuff. You won't never be able to make any use of it. Signal 31 meant to forget orders and concentrate on roads leading to the Western cross-roads."

Blackie's jaw seemed to drop.

"Yeah," continued the sergeant, "so you're a wise guy, eh? Now listen again. Signal 52 meant that your lights were all right, but to spot any car seen blinking their lights after that announcement. By blinking your lights, Blackie, you played right into our hands! That's what I call working together."

There's a surprise ending to next week's short story entitled—"Killer In The Dark."

BOXER'S RECORD

ERIC BOON.

BORN AT CHATTERIS IN 1920.

LIGHT-WEIGHT, 9 st. 9 lb.

1935.					
Jan	17	Won stpd.	Young Snowball	6	Peterboro'
Feb.	7	Won pts.	Teddy Royal	6	St Ives
Mar	10	Drew.	Young Higgins	8	Hackney
Apr	7	Won pts.	Teddy Softley	6	Hackney
"	21	K.O.	Yorkie Perkins	5	Hackney
June	2	Won pts.	Young Higgins	6	Mile End
	23	Won pts.	Boy Bessell	6	Hackney
Aug	28	Lost pts.	Kid Savage	6	Hackney
Oct	21	Won pts.	Charlie Smith	6	Cambridge
Nov	25	Won stpd.	Ginger Daniels	8	Cambridge
Dec	4	Won stpd.	Charlie Smith	2	Watford
1936.					
Feb	3	K.O.	Terry Ellis	1	Cambridge
Mar	2	K.O.	Young Hawes	1	Norwich
	16	K.O.	Young Grills	1	Norwich
	30	Won pts.	Charlie Smith	10	Cambridge
Apr	15	K.O.	Jack Roberts	2	Hackney
Aug	21	Won pts.	Len Ash	8	Hackney
Sept	4	Won pts.	Charlie Wise	8	Hackney
Oct	1	Won stpd.	Bert Whall	2	Norwich
	4	K.O.	Teddy Larkham	1	Hackney
"	18	Won pts.	Len Ash	8	Hackney
Nov.	1	Won pts.	Jack Watkins	8	Hackney
"	5	Drew.	Fred Dyer	8	Norwich
"	12	Won stpd.	Bobby Lyons	6	Norwich
"	16	Drew.	Jackie Kershaw	6	Earl's Court
"	22	K.O.	Joe Page	1	Hackney
"	26	Won pts.	Jack Watkins	8	Hackney
"	30	K.O.	Nat Williams	5	N.S.C.
Dec.	13	Won stpd.	Nick Lucas	6	Hackney
1937.					
Jan.	3	Won stpd.	Al Church	6	Hackney
"	11	Drew.	Bert Chambers	6	N.S.C.
"	14	K.O.	Billy Bennett	8	Holborn
"	24	Won pts.	Billy Sheldon	10	Hackney
"	27	K.O.	Billy Griffiths	1	Hackney
Feb.	7	K.O.	Mike Sullivan	4	Hackney
"	16	Won pts.	Dave James	8	Reading
"	25	Won pts.	Chucky Robinson	10	Norwich
Mar.	1	K.O.	Spin Anson	5	Bury St Edmunds
"	7	Won ret.	Tony Butcher	3	Hackney
"	21	Lost ret.	Harry Brooks	4	Hackney
Apr.	12	Won stpd.	Jocket Johnson	5	Bury St Ed
"	29	Won pts.	Bob Barlow	10	Norwich
May	7	Won pts.	George Kelly	12	Hackney
"	9	K.O.	Bobby Lyons	1	Bury St Edmds
"	16	Won ret.	Ron Porter	5	Hackney
"	28	Won pts.	Jack Tilley	12	Hackney
July	2	Lost ret.	Johnny Softley	7	Hackney
"	16	Won pts.	Bryn Morris	10	Hackney
Aug	20	K.O.	Albert Heasman	3	Hackney
Sept.	3	Won stpd.	Walt Dexter	7	Hackney
"	15	Won stpd.	Charlie Wise	3	Hackney
Oct	16	Won pts.	Bryn Morris	10	Hackney
Nov	29	K.O.	Bob Rowlands	2	Cambridge
Dec	10	Won disq.	Con Flynn	3	Hackney
"	13	K.O.	Llew Thomas	5	Bury St Edmds
1938.					
Jan	21	K.O.	George Reynolds	2	Hackney
"	28	K.O.	Tommy Dowlais	1	Hackney
Feb.	3	K.O.	Jack Hardiman	3	Hackney
"	18	K.O.	Dodo Williams	1	Hackney
Apr	7	Won stpd.	Johnny Ward	1	Harringay
"	17	Won stpd.	Matt Moran	7	Hackney
May	2	K.O.	Boyo Rees	1	Holborn
"	28	Won pts.	Jimmy Walsh	10	Chatteris
June	21	K.O.	Len Lemaux	1	Harringay
July	16	Won ret.	Raymond Reynard	1	Chatteris
"	24	K.O.	Billy Masters	2	Mile End
Sept	2	Won stpd.	Eric Dolby	3	Manchester
Oct	20	K.O.	[illegible] Reynolds	2	Marylebone
"	31	Won disq.	Mac Perez	7	N.S.C.
Dec.	15	K.O.	Dave Crowley	13	Harringay
		(British Light-Weight Title)			

ROUND THE RINGS

LONDON (Earl's Court).—Jimmy Vaughan (Becontree) Southern Area light-weight champion, beat Robert Disch, light-weight champion of Holland, on points over eight rounds. George Davis (Notting Hill) beat Hein Weisner (Austria) referee intervening in round six of eight rounder. Bob Scally (Scotland) beat George Markwick (Cuckfield) referee stopping bout in round two of scheduled eight rounder. Jimmy Britt (South Africa) drew with Billy Wainwright (Swadlincote) over eight rounds. Mick Carney (Newcastle) beat Tommy Hyams (King's Cross) who was disqualified in round seven of eight rounder.

LONDON (Blackfriars Ring).—Tommy Barnham (Fulham) beat Mick O'Brien (Walthamstow) who had to retire at end of round five of ten rounds bout. Seaman George Woods (Chatham) beat Chris Birkett (Canning Town) on points over ten rounds. Frank Spelton (Hammersmith) beat Johnny Tiller (Hoxton) bout being stopped at end of round six of eight rounder. Paddy McNally (Ireland) beat Jack Webster (Notting Hill) fight being stopped at end of round three of eight rounder.

LONDON (Holborn).—Jack Daley (Reading) drew with Ted Barter (Kingston) over 12 rounds. George Darlow (Highgate) beat George Merritt (Silvertown) on points over 12 rounds. Johnny Boil (Blackfriars) outpointed Tim Sullivan (Ireland) over eight rounds.

LONDON (Deptford).—Tommy Windsor (Deptford) beat George Last (Plaistow) (sub) who retired at end of five rounds. Teddy Larkham (Brentford) beat Johnny Sage (Old Ford) on points over ten rounds. Jack Laze (Euston) beat Johnny Francis (Bermondsey) who had to retire in first round of eight-rounder. Ronnie Lush (Kilburn) beat Nick Lucas (India) on points over eight rounds.

MIDDLESBROUGH.—Billy Hughes (Birkenhead) was winner on points against Jim Teasdale (Middlesbrough). Alf Hughes (West Hartlepool) beat Harry McCoy (Darlington) over ten rounds. Bob Louie (Birkenhead) k.o. Jock McNeill (Morpeth) in round three of ten rounder.

NEWCASTLE.—Jim McElvaney (Harrogate) beat A. C. Dobbins (Glasgow) towel coming in in round five of ten rounds contest. Ted Thomas (Hylton) received points decision against Peter Fraser (Gateshead) over ten rounds. Jim Laverick (Tyne Dock) k.o. Alan Bell (Gateshead) in round one of ten-rounder.

LONDON (Mitcham).—Alex Lyons (Aldgate) earned points decision against George Willowby (Mitcham) over ten rounds. Harry Lazar (Aldgate) beat Jim Bullock (Mitcham) who retired in round three of eight-rounder. Alex. Ward (Cheam) beat Bill Nolan (Aldgate) who retired at end of round four of eight rounder. Alf Boom (Stratford) beat Steve Watson (Mile End) who was forced to retire in round three of eight rounder.

AMERICA (Minneapolis).—Tony Galento (Newark) world's heavy-weight title contender k.o. Dick Daniels (Minneapolis) in three rounds.

AMERICA (New York).—Tony Canzoneri beat Eddie Zivic on points over ten rounds.

DUNDEE.—Denis Cahill (Dundee) was declared points winner against Joe Kerr (Glasgow) over ten rounds.

PONTEFRACT.—George Hinchcliffe (Pontefract) k.o. Sam McAlister (Huddersfield) in round five of ten rounds bout. Nipper Kendall (Dewsbury) beat Stan Hughes (Huddersfield) on points over ten rounds. Hal Bairstow (Keighley) k.o. Len Rowlands (Batley) in round two of eight-rounder.

LEEDS.—Terry Kelly (Manchester) secured points verdict against Jack O'Berg (Hull) over ten rounds. Dennis Chadwick (Bridlington) beat Ginger Armstrong (Manchester) (sub) on points over ten rounds.

LONDON (Hackney).—George Marsden (Nottingham) won on points against Johnny Softley (Poplar) over ten rounds. Joe Davis (Mile End) beat Al Mickey (Luton) on points over ten rounds. Norman Denny (Ireland) k.o. Garry Roche (Ireland) in round [illegible] of eight rounder. Sid Fishegan (Northampton) stopped Joe [illegible] (Canada) in round six of eight rounder.

PENRITH.—Shocker Bowman (Penrith) drew with Bushman Dempster (Lanark) over ten rounds. Danny Black (Carlisle) beat Kid Akie (Lancashire) on points over ten rounds.

AMERICA (Milwaukee).—Solly Kreiger world middle-weight champion drew with Marty Simmons (Michigan) over ten rounds.

HIS PLAN WENT WRONG!—Contd.

I decided right there I didn't like him. He was too stuck on himself. Why, she wouldn't even look at him.

"You've got her wrong," I said.

"Maybe you just don't know how to handle women. I've seen her around off and on for months. She used to drop in at the Innes place down the road. I was doing a job there she liked and she said to come over here when I got through. That was a break, but don't tell me she's only interested in my flowers."

"She isn't that sort," I said.

"You just don't know how to handle 'em." He blew out smoke. "Me, I know. They're all alike. Of course, not if they're already in love. You have to know if there's someone else in the picture. I don't mean the husband. He doesn't count."

He wrinkled his nose and looked wise.

"You drive her around," he said. "Maybe there's someone in the city——?"

"Not a chance," I said. "You've got her wrong."

He pursed his lips and made lines in his forehead.

"Well, maybe," he said. He had a sudden inspiration. "Say, how'd you like a drink? I'll go get it. Be right back."

He went to the other room and came back with the bottle. It was cheap whisky but just what I needed. We had a couple of quick ones, and then he poured some in glasses and sat down.

"How about this guy Grisby?" he asked.

"What do you mean?"

"He comes here a lot, doesn't he? You don't suppose he comes out just to see Bannister?"

"Why not? They're partners."

"Yeah, I know."

"You know a lot, it seems to me."

"Oh, I hear things. Remember, I've been working this territory for a couple of years now."

"What did you mean by that crack about Grisby?"

"Not a thing. I mean I know the set-up. Bannister and his bum leg. A beautiful wife. His partner Grisby. Hell, I don't know. What do you mean?"

I downed the drink. I began to feel a little high.

"Nothing," I said. "But you're wrong."

"Well, you never can tell, as the saying goes."

He threw his cigarette into the open fire-place and began to roll another.

I got up and stretched.

"Well, you're all set for the night, if she showed you the room," I said. "Anything you want to know, just ask me to-morrow. I'm going to turn in. Had a hard day."

"Sure, sure." He stood up. "I don't need a house to fall on me."

"Oh, I didn't mean——"

"No offence. How about another drink before hitting the hay—just to show we're friends?"

We each had a stiff one.

"Go ahead, kill it," he said.

I emptied the bottle. The stuff had a wallop.

"Well, see you in the morning," he said. He went out walking like he was a little tight.

I knew damned well that I was. It was dumb to drink in hot weather — cheap whisky at that. I sat down and put my head in my hands. This was a fine stew I'd got myself in, all right, all right. I could hardly believe it was me. I went over and over the whole thing.

Then I did it. I sat down at the desk and began to write. I spilled my guts, as Grisby said I would.

I wrote:

"O.K., Mr Bannister! You've been a good guy. Here's where I pay you back. I ran into this thing without knowing what was coming, so don't hold it against me. Here's the dope—all of it. . ."

And I gave it to him. All of it. Just as Grisby'd given it to me, white hot off the griddle.

It was after twelve by the time I was through. I could hear Broome snoring in the other room. Good. I left the note on the writing desk where they'd be sure to see it in the morning, and hauled the duffle out from under the bed.

At the door I took one last look at the room, switched off the light, and went out without making a sound. It had been swell while it lasted.

The phone rang.

I stood on the steps with the bag in my hand and listened. If I hadn't waited to write the note I'd have been out and away. I wouldn't have heard the phone. Why answer it now?

Broome hadn't heard it, evidently. In between the rings I could still hear him snoring.

The phone stopped ringing. It was suddenly so quiet I could hear crickets chirping far off.

I went on down the steps. At the bottom, my hand on the knob, I stopped. There was a crunching of gravel just outside.

Someone was coming!

I stood still, the sweat pouring out of me. The sound stopped outside the door. The door opened.

In the moonlight stood Elsa Bannister.

A dramatic meeting, and one with great effect on the young chauffeur's life. Next week's chapters will keep you interested till the last word.

The BOXING TOPICAL

ALL ABOUT THE FIGHTS AND FIGHTERS

RED HOT CRITICISM and COMMENTS

WONDERFUL START BY GEORGE BIDDLES' BOYS

THE lads of George Biddles, Derby boxing manager, made a wonderful start to 1939.

Said George to me, "At the Devonshire Club, George Marsden gave weight and a beating to Johnny Softley; and Sid Fitzhugh, a Northampton lad, in his first fight for me, stopped Joe Gollob, the Canadian, in six rounds. On the same day, over at the Blackfriars Ring, Len Wickwar drew with George Daly; and my fly-weight, Eric Jones, beat Johnny Boom in the sixth round.

"George Marsden was a last-minute substitute against Softley. He was at a New Year party at five o'clock on the morning of the fight when he heard about the job, and he immediately agreed to take it on!"

BOB SCALLY IN GREAT FORM.

WHAT price Bob Scally and the Scottish cruiser-weight championship? Bob has been showing much improvement recently. His recent win over George Markwick was the talk of the hall. So fast was the knock-out punch that very few people in the building knew that Markwick had been hit until he hit the floor.

On this form Scally is convinced that he can beat Tommy Henderson.

Suggested Opponent for Boon or Danahar

JACK FITZGERALD has written to promoter Johnny Best suggesting that his London light-weight, Johnny Softley, will make tip-top opposition for either Eric Boon or Arthur Danahar at Best's coming Harringay promotions.

Johnny Softley is certainly packing London halls by his dynamic punching and all-round gameness. The London boy should not lose any heart over his recent defeat by Marsden—Marsden is a remarkably crafty and tough campaigner.

Softley has stopped Eric Boon and has also lost a points decision to him. He also gave ex-champ Dave Crowley a great fight and recently licked Mitso Grispos, the Greek champion.

JOHNNY SOFTLEY.

JACK LORD AFTER AREA TITLE

JACK LORD, Bolton middle-weight, is gunning for the Northern Area middle-weight title.

Battling Parkin, holder, is to meet Butcher Gascoigne for the area title, and Lord is claiming a fight with the winner at championship poundage.

"I've k.o.'d Parkin twice, once recently," said Jack, "and I've won two and dropped two decisions to Gascoigne."

N.B.A. LADDER SCHEME

(Southern Area Ratings)

FLY WEIGHTS. (Champion—Dave Keller.)	BANTAM-WEIGHTS. (Champion—Jim Brady.)
1 Dave Kellar.	1 Pat Palmer
2 Dick Lewis.	2 Bert Kirby
3 Johnny Griffiths	3 Wally Smith
4 Eric Jones	4 Harry Graham.
5 Billy Nash.	5 Johnny Ryan.
6 Les Johnson.	6 Willie Smith.
7 Johnny Boon.	7 Rex Cartwright.
8 Al M'Coy	8 George Willoughby.
9 Billy Armstrong.	9 Jeff Smith.
10 Hugh Cameron.	10 Kid Connors.
11 Ron Kingston.	11 Joe Davis.
12 Boy Watson.	12 Pat Butler
13 Ginger Brant.	13 Tommy Bates.
14 Ted Saunders.	14 Nat Stewart.
15 George Lowe.	15 Charlie Williams.
16 Jim Parsons.	16 Danny M'Shea.
17 Roy Barnes.	17 Johnny Buckley
18 Jack (Kid) Hamas	18 Jim Parsons.
19 Jack Turvey.	19 Freddie Thomas
20 Jimmy M'Larnin.	20 Jack Crowley.
21 Tommy Brashill.	21 Billy Griffiths.
22 Ron Gladwell.	22 Tom O'Rourke.
23 Johnny Logan.	23 Harry Wills.
24 Charlie Smith.	24 Freddie Lyons.

Why Americans Go Crazy on Tommy Farr

HERE is a quotation from a letter just received from an American friend:—

"I was at the ringside last night to see Tommy in action against Lou Nova, and, although he lost, I can honestly say, as can all American boxing fans, that Farr displayed the most courageous piece of fighting any fighter in this or any country has ever offered a thrill-starved public—like the one in America."

WALLY PACK IN ACTION AGAIN.

WALLY PACK, Hoxton middle-weight, will soon be back in action. Since he had a cut eye in his last fight Wally has been having a rest. He will be back on the National Sporting Club bill next Monday (January 16).

LEN DAVIS—A COMING TOPLINER

LEN DAVIS, a young London light-weight who has been making a name for himself recently, is shaping like a future champion (writes Jeff Barr).

While I admit that he did not show his best form at the London Ring, I am assured by Alec Lambert, who has charge of him, that the boy has settled down to a serious routine of training that should see him back in the form that caused so many people to sit up and take notice of this youngster.

Davis is going to be a top-liner very shortly, and as Lambert fully agrees with me I know that I shall not be mistaken in the lad.

KINGSTON WELTER-WEIGHT.

TED BARTER, Kingston welter-weight is making the grade. Bill Izzard, father of the former light-weight champion, has him in hand, and he is coming along very well. He had a gruelling contest with Jack Daly the tough Reading boxer, and on this form I shall expect to see him in first-class company very shortly.

DROPPED ONE DECISION IN 33 FIGHTS

REX WHITNEY—WELLINGBOROUGH WELTER-WEIGHT

Game Show Against Harry Mizler

GEORGE BIDDLES' boys are always popping up. Here is another one. Rex Whitney, 20-year-old Wellingborough welter-weight.

Rex is a promoter's dream. He is an out-and-out fighter; walks in punching all the time. And his boxing knowledge is good, too.

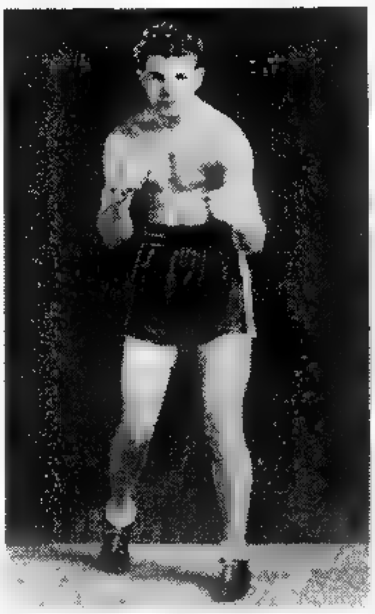
In 33 fights Rex has only dropped one decision, when he lost to Harry Mizler.

Whitney took on Mizler as a last-minute substitute when Jack Solomons, Devonshire Club promoter, wanted a boxer to take the place of Hans Drescher, welter-weight champion of Denmark.

George Biddles was doubtful about allowing his boy to take on such a task so early in his career, but the boy himself was eager for the chance.

He put up a very game show against Mizler, but the ref. stopped the contest in the Londoner's favour in the sixth round.

This was the first time Whitney had taken part in a fight of three-minute rounds.



REX WHITNEY

Coached by ex-British Champion

Whitney pleased the fans so much that he was later given two further fights at the Club.

In these he beat George Howard (London) in five rounds, and won on a foul in the first round against the Canadian, Joe Gollob

Whitney has scored some very impressive wins, having outpointed Dick Turpin (Warwick), k.o.'d George Willis (Birmingham), and also k.o.'d Harry Downs (Birmingham).

Rex Whitney has been fostered and coached in the noble art by Jack Harrison, the ex-British middle-weight champion.

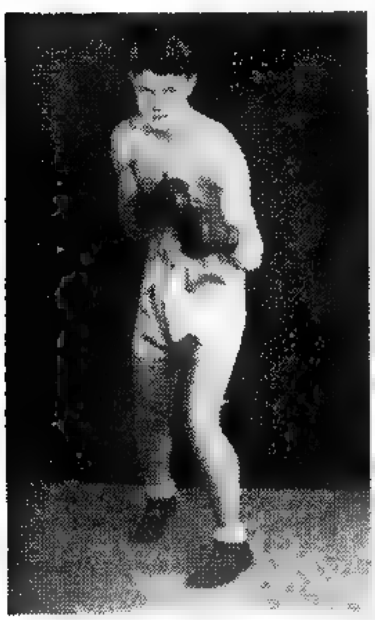
Harrison comes from Rushden, which is near Wellingborough, and the ex-champ has also taught Dick Pantling, a 17-stone Rushden "Carnera."

Both Whitney and Pantling are now in George Biddles' stable, and both boys have jobs in the boot and shoe business in Rushden.

MEET TOMMY MILLER

THE BLOND BANTAM OF BURNLEY

WILLING TO FIGHT ANY BANTAM-WEIGHT IN BRITAIN



BATTLING HAYES.

TONY VAIRO, Liverpool manager, has a remarkably shrewd eye for talent.

His latest prospect, 21-year-old Tommy Miller, of Burnley, has all the makings for ring fame.

Tommy is a conscientious boy.

He trains hard and is always concentrating on acquiring copybook boxing. His work is having good results.

Already he has a big share of the craft. A beautiful left hand and a good punch in each glove

Of over 100 fights he has lost very few decisions.

The Burnley boy isn't afraid of the big stuff.

He put up a great show with Battling Hayes and earned a draw.

Tommy has also fought Len Hampston and he took George Marsden to a close decision.

Miller's dearest wish is to cross gloves with Hayes again

He would also like another go at Hampston that is, if the clever Batley boxer decides to make a come-back

Miller has beaten and drawn with Jack Bunting

He has notched other victories against Chris Dillon, Johnny Houghton, Ginger M'Cleod, Pete Harvey, Tommy Proctor, and Tommy Lane.

Miller is a blond — known to thousands of Lancashire fans as the "Blond Bantam"

He is a great crowd-pleaser—his good boxing appeals especially to the students.

Miller's next fight is at Shrewsbury on January 16, when he meets the smart Welsh boy, Sid Morgan.

The "Blond Bantam" is willing to meet any 8 st. 6 lb. boy in Britain.

Tony Vairo tells me that he's fixed up the boy for a series of fights at Liverpool, Burnley, Preston, Blackpool, and Leicester.

THINGS THE FANS DON'T KNOW

Amazing Story Behind My Fight With Benny Lynch

by

TUT WHALLEY

British Fly-weight Title Contender.

MANAGER JACK FITZGERALD (arm on rope) watches Tiny Bostock doing a spell of bag punching.

A BOXER has to keep faith with his public. If he doesn't his "drawing" power will drop—and so will the number of his fights and the size of his purses.

I've been pretty successful—I'm due to fight Paddy Ryan for the British fly-weight title, but I'm not a promoter's darling. I'm kept fairly busy, but I don't get on the big bills as often as I'd like.

I don't know why—I try hard enough. Maybe the other boxers don't like meeting a southpaw like myself.

THAT DISASTROUS FOURTH ROUND AGAINST PIERCE ELLIS.

THE crowd doesn't know what I've to go through sometimes before and during a fight. If you lose they forget all the good wins you brought off, and never give a thought to any likely reason for loss of form or fitness.

A few weeks before my second fight with Kid Tanner, I was taking on all-comers in Charlie Hickman's boxing booth.

All went well until I injured my left hand in k.o'ing one of the scrappers. It was a bad injury, but I had to go on with the Tanner fight.

When I ducked between the ropes I kiddled myself that the hand wouldn't let me down. It didn't—until the second round, and then it "went" completely.

Tanner had me on velvet, and owing to my incapacitation I am afraid the crowd must have thought me a non-trier.

They didn't realise that I'd very little left to try with. My left hand—where I packed my best and hardest punch—was next to useless. I don't want to take any credit from Tanner's win, but I wish a few of the spectators could have been in my corner that night.

They would have had some idea of the heart-breaking struggle I'd had.

It was worse in a later fight with Pierce Ellis at Blackburn.

My left hand was still not completely strong, but in this fight **both** my hands went back on me. This was in the fourth round, and from then on I was a beaten boxer. I had to fight depression as well as Ellis. All the spirit was knocked out of me. I boxed on grimly, but Ellis gained a deserved win.

It wasn't a brilliant fight, but that wasn't Ellis' fault. You can't have a brilliant fight when one of the boxers has developed two bad hands. The crowd didn't know what had happened in that fourth round.

JACK FITZGERALD—"HYPNOTIST."

I'M quite sure that none of the spectators know the true story behind my fight with Benny Lynch in Dundee a few years ago. They wouldn't have believed it anyway, and I'm sure that you readers will rub your eyes when I tell it you. But it is true, so help me!

My manager, Jack Fitzgerald, always keeps his boxers' minds off fights by practising tricks. He buys every trick which comes on to the market, and in the train on the way to Scotland Jack worked a "hypnotic" trick on me.

This trick is simple and foolish when you know the secret, but Jack wouldn't tell me the secret. He said he'd discovered that he had a mighty power. And he so talked to me and worked on me that I became convinced that Jack had become a hypnotist!

Before you laugh at me imagine what my feelings and the circumstances were. Dusk was falling; the train was travelling at 60 m.p.h., and I was all keyed up for the fight. I was in the right frame of mind for believing anything.

During the fight with Lynch I managed to forget all about my manager's "hypnotic" power. I was giving Lynch a rare scrap, and was confident I could lick him.

Then as I was about to leave my stool for the seventh round, Jack said, "Go out and hit Lynch in this round. He's sure to go down—I've got the 'fluence on him!" Jack told me afterwards that he was joking, but I'd never thought his "hypnotic" stuff was a joke.

I went straight out to Lynch, caught him with a terrific left-hook to the body, and Benny went down like a log. Just as Jack had said he would!

I jumped for joy, but my delight was short-lived when I saw the ref. waving me back to my corner. He'd disqualified me. My punch had accidentally fallen low.

At first I wasn't disappointed on my own account. I looked round for Jack to blame the whole thing on him.

It was a crazy experience.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN MY BOSTOCK FIGHT.

I WONDER if the fans fully realised the feelings of Jack Fitzgerald, Tiny Bostock, and myself when Tiny and I were matched in the Northern Area fly-weight eliminator at the Port Vale football ground.

Tiny and I were stable-mates; the best of pals in fact, and had never fought each other before.

As soon as we heard of the match Tiny and I got together telling each other that it was just another job of work, and hoped that the better man would win.

We both sympathised with our manager, Jack Fitzgerald arranged about our training—Tiny trained at Leek, and I trained at Loggerheads, but Jack would have nothing to do with the actual preparation of either of us.

I believe that Jack was very upset during the fight. He had to look on as a neutral spectator, and although I beat Tiny on points after one of my hardest fights ever, we're still the best of pals.

A K.O. WIN IN 48 SECONDS!

OVER-CONFIDENCE helped to beat me in one fight, and an important fight at that. It was against Phil Milligan for the Northern fly-weight title.

I was doing well when I made the fatal mistake of thinking I had the fight in my pocket, and in the fourth round I went for Milligan with my hands down and my defence wide open.

It was just the chance Milligan had been waiting for. He caught me with a terrific swing to the jaw, and I didn't hear the time-keeper counting ten. The crowd cheered Milligan like mad. I was forgotten—I deserved to be. I'd caused my own defeat.

That defeat sent my stock down with a bump, and I had to do something quickly to re-establish myself with the fans.

Jack Fitzgerald matched me to fight Pat Warburton, the Welsh fly-weight champion, the following week. A points win wouldn't be good enough. I had to stop my man to get right back into favour.

My plans materialised quicker than I'd expected. In the first round I k.o'd Warburton with my favourite left hook. The fight was over in about 48 seconds!

MY PET GROUSE.

AND now for a pet grouse of mine.

When a boxer goes to the canvas from a body punch, the crowd often howls for a foul. From where many of the fans are sitting they cannot possibly know whether the punch IS a foul. Naturally their sympathies are with the man on the floor, and I can fully understand this feeling, but it is tough on me—my favourite punch is a left-hook to the middle of the body.

I've often had to put up with boos from the crowd when I've connected perfectly fairly with this wallop.

I've had 330-odd fights, and I've been well treated by the crowds, but lots of things happen in the ring they know nothing about.

JEFF BARR on the Boon-Danahar Match

BATTLE OF THE "GREAT KIDS"

The Four "Injustice" Boxers—The Plans for Them: What I Think of Vaughan: Benny Caplan on His Future Fights

BENNY CAPLAN — willing to fight Ginger Foran in London, Manchester, Liverpool, or Timbuctoo!

THE British Boxing Board of Control have backed promoter Sydney Hulls, and so the fight between the two boys, Eric Boon, British light-weight champion, and Arthur Danahar will be for Boon's light-weight title. I congratulate the promoter and salute the Board of Control.

I am all for this match between the two most colourful boxers this country has produced in many years—and for the title.

The Board have been consistent.

When they allowed the Dave Crowley-Boon affair to be labelled "Championship," many turned round and declared, "What about Arthur Danahar?"

Well, now, Danahar has been given his chance, too.

We do not yet know the date of this battle of the "kids"—and what great kids they are—but we do know that Syd Hulls is staging it at the Harringay Arena some time in the middle of February.

Syd had planned the date for March 2, but as a Jewish tournament clashes at the Albert Hall on that date, Hulls is bringing it forward.

One other snag is in the fact that Boon is contracted to fight at Swansea against Boyo Rees on January 30. Boon was to have fought Rees during Christmas, but owing to his injured eye had to postpone the bout till January 30.

Syd Hulls has asked the Swansea promoter, Bert James, to allow postponement, and has offered him a compensation and the promise that Boon will fight Rees after the Danahar fight before engaging in another contest.

Boon's hands, too, are still a little sore after the Crowley fight. Syd does not want to take any chances now that he has snatched up the fight of 1939.

BOARD'S ELIMINATOR STIPULATION.

EARLIER I said I am all for this championship battle, but there is a very large fraternity who consider injustice is being done to other boxers.

They ask what of Jimmy Vaughan, Jack Carrick, Ronnie James, Johnny M'Grory, and Dave Crowley?

Johnny M'Grory, I am afraid, has lost his chance for the time being. Following his splendid victory over Crowley he was knocked out by James and easily outpointed by Carrick.

The Board of Control have not forgotten the other four.

When they sanctioned the Boon-Danahar fight they declared that this was subject to certain conditions.

The conditions are that the winner must defend his title against the finalist of an eliminating series fixed by the Board.

Jimmy Vaughan, Southern Area champion, is to fight Jack Carrick, the Northern Area champion. Ronnie James and Dave Crowley are to meet. Then the two winners have till April 15 to decide who shall meet either Boon or Danahar, as the case may be, for the title.

This seems fair enough to me.

JIMMY VAUGHAN DISAPPOINTED.

LOUDEST and strongest objection comes from the Vaughan camp. Johnny Sharpe, Vaughan's manager, is more than somewhat peeved.

"What is the good of having Southern Area and Northern Area champions if they are overlooked when it comes to finding a challenger for the title?" asks Johnny.

I can see Manager Sharpe's point, but really these area titles carry no weight, and I am all in favour of any moves the Board make to do away with long-winded championship eliminators. "Let the most attractive and colourful men fight," is my motto.

Jimmy Vaughan has been knocking at the championship door for some months now, but he disappointed me against the Dutchman, Disch, at the National Sporting Club recently.

Jimmy was an earnest fighter, but he lacked a right-hand punch.

Johnny Sharpe denied this, but as Vaughan couldn't put the Dutchman down after hitting him with everything for eight rounds, there is something substantial in my declaration.

I PICK DANAHAR.

THE Boon-Danahar fight will be a British record.

Never before have two youngsters both under twenty-one years of age fought for the title. Peter Kane and Jackie Jurich were both under that age when they fought for the world fly-weight title, but Jurich, of course, is American.

Jack Doyle, too, was under twenty-one when he fought Petersen for the title, and Ted "Kid" Lewis holds the record of youngest ever.

He was only seventeen when he fought Alec Lambert for the feather-weight title.

It is a little early to pick the winner of this new youngster fight, but I will be backing Danahar.

Reasons! Danahar is the best left-hand fighter in this country to-day, and he has a right hand not very far short of Boon's.

Boon is the hardest puncher at his weight we have had for many years, but he is not to be compared with Danahar as a boxer.

Danahar has everything. If he can make the weight as comfortably as he says he can, he should rule the light-weights for several years to come.

CAPLAN DISCUSSES KELLY AND FORAN

BENNY CAPLAN, not content with one crack at the feather-weight title, is now more determined than ever to show that Spider Kelly, of Belfast, is not the rightful owner of the British and Empire championship.

I was talking to Benny on his future. There are no flies on Caplan I can tell you. He is one of the most sensible boxers I have spoken to. He knows the game inside and out, and he can expound on the ways and means of promoters, match-makers, boxers, referees, &c.

On the Southern Board as boxers' representative, Benny stands up for the rights of his boys like a lawyer.

"But," said Caplan, "why this talk of matching Ginger Foran with Joey Archibald, the world champion? Why Foran? What has Spider Kelly done? Doesn't he come into it? I know that Kelly gained a hair's-breadth decision over me, but I am not the only one who believes that I can lick him if we meet again. That is why Kelly should give me another chance. Yet Kelly will naturally say that having beaten me once there appears no reason why he should meet me again. That is the way of the fight business. Even so, if Foran is wanted by the N.S.C. or Harringay, I am ready to fight Foran for them.

"There is a lot of ballyhoo going around about Pete Scalzo fighting Archibald for the world title. The only offer they have received is 4000 dollars, about £800. I am willing to bet my fighting boots that the N.S.C. or Syd Hulls would offer more than that for a fight here with Archibald and Kelly, Foran or me.

"Scalzo boxed in London in 1936, at Wembley. He was then 19, and employed as a newsboy and a member of the Yorkavillites A.C. He won the American Golden Gloves honour in New York, and it just shows you what American fight promoters do to push a likely lad. He is now rated as the best feather-weight in America, but money must be scarce if they can only offer 4000 dollars. I'll fight Scalzo anywhere for the best purse we can get and I wager it would make up more than that.

"What nettles me is why Foran is placed in front of Kelly or myself. As I say, I'll fight Foran in London, Manchester, Liverpool or Timbuctoo."

KID SILVER IN DEMAND.

SEVERAL boxers are eager to cross gloves with Harry Kid Silver, Eric Boon's pal. Wally Davis, smart Notting Hill light-weight, is ready at this moment to fight Silver over any route which will suit the East End favourite.

I tested Silver on this, and was given this answer. "Why, of course, I will meet Davis. I am willing to fight anything on two legs, providing my manager, Mr Jack Solomons, says it is O K for me."

Just the sort of answer one would expect from this bright youngster.

CORBETT WILLING TO FIGHT BOON.

DICK CORBETT will not be side-tracked. Nothing seems to be able to stop this red-headed young man from getting to the front. As usual, he wants to fight the champion at his own weight and that above him.

Said Dick to me: "I know that I can lick Spider Kelly. That's a certainty. **And to show that Boon doesn't yet know his boxing alphabet I am willing to fight him, too. I believe I could make him dead tired trying to land that k.o. on my chin, and I am sure I could beat him. Let me get the chance, I'll show you."**

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Here's how to make a "Tipsy Title."

Below you will see a list of actual film titles. Look them over and select any title or titles which, when read together, make a humorous or clever entry.

If you wish you can add any words or phrases that one would expect to find on a cinema poster—"Standing room only," "Coming shortly," "Seats in all parts," "From 6d upwards," &c.

You can also use the name of any film star, provided he or she appeared in the film or films.

Study the prize-winning examples given above, then go ahead.

For the best "Tipsy Titles" received the Editor will award the prizes mentioned.

When you have decided on your best "Tipsy Title," write it on the back of a postcard, along with your full name and address.

All postcards, each bearing a penny stamp, should be addressed to:—

"Tipsy Titles" No. 8,
"Topical Times,"
2 Brown Street,
Manchester (Comp.),

so as to reach us not later than the first post on MONDAY, JANUARY 16.

Also
10 Gent's Handsome Wrist Watches
and
12 Special Consolation Awards

—Come on now, have a shot at winning one of these grand prizes!

In all matters relating to the competition the Editor's published decision must be accepted as final and legally binding. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition.

Entries will not be accepted from D. C. Thomson & Co., Ltd.'s employees or their immediate connections.

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Rascals.
No Limit.
Rose Marie.
The Joy Parade.
In Old Chicago.
Missing Witnesses.
Hey, Hey, U.S.A.
Four Daughters
The Citadel.
Chatired.
Night Alrne.
It's a Small World.
Have a Heart.
Make Way for a Lady.
Pear's a Crawd.
My Bill.
Swing High, Swing Low.
Wide Open Faces.

Nancy Steele is Missing.
There's Always a Woman.
As Good as Married.
Fast Company.
Trade Winds.
Three Married Men.
Call of the Ring.
The Young in Heart.
Four Men and a Prayer
Age for Love.
Three Blind Mice.
Joy of Living.
Sally, Irene, and Mary.
Patient in Room 18.
Divorce of Lady X.
Swing Your Lady.
Sailing Along.
The Great Waltz.
Such is Life.
A Family Affair.

It's Love Again.
Wings of the Morning.
Walking on Air.
Man of Two Worlds.
Don't Bet on Blondes
Jane Eyre.
The Big Game
April Romance
Great Guy.
Confidential.
She Married Her Boss.
Woman Wanted.
Stop, Look, and Love.
His Family Tree.
It Had to Happen
One Hour Late.
Eight Girls in a B at.
When a Man Sees Red.
Chatterbox.
Ten Cents a Dance.

A Man's Past.
One Rainy Afternoon.
She Loves Me Not.
People Will Talk.
Playing Around.
It Can't Be Done.
It's You I Want.
The Loud Speaker.
History is Made at Night.
Every Night at Eight.
Pepper.
Hot Money.
Bright Lights.
Sign Here.
Love Begins at 20.
Seven Days' Leave.
Lightning Strikes Twice.
Here Comes Trouble.
It's a Bet.
Four Days' Wonder.

PRIZE-WINNERS IN "TIPSY TITLES," No. 7.

OUR fascinating competition, "Tipsy Titles," is proving a great attraction to our readers, and many clever entries were submitted for Contest No. 7.

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George O'Hara, 77 Boat Street, Newry, Co. Down.
J. Roberts, 9 Langden Terrace, Stanton Hill, near Mansfield.
C. H. Moore, 190 Chalton Street, London, N.W.1
R. J. Evans, 19 Thomas Street, Flint, N. Wales
F. G. Griffiths, 5 Orwell Street, Grimsby.

12 SPECIAL CONSOLATION AWARDS.

Matthew Ewing, 27 St Andrew's Square, Belfast; J. Johnston, 136 Waddell Street, Glasgow, C.5; John Argyle, 89 Bridgnorth Road, Compton, Staffs.; A. E. Freeborn, 25 All Saints Avenue, Margate; S. Whyard, 71 Raglan Street, Lowestoft; Miss Rhoda Hazelwood, Main Road, Jackadale, Notts.; G. Walker, 95 Cleaver Street, Burnley; A. E. Dearing, 49 Ladas Road, West Norwood, London, S.E.27; Stanley Trivett, 16 Shelthorpe Avenue, Loughborough, Leics.; R. Monks, 5 Edward Street, Hebburn, Co. Durham; P. Mythen, 4 John Terrace, Salisbury Street, Liverpool, 3; Mrs H. V. Baggett, 187 Brighton Road, Godalming, Surrey.

15 YEARS AGO

From "Topical Times" dated January 19, 1924.

W. H. Smith.

"I have seen W. H. Smith when he has been truly wonderful because of his perfect idea of wing forward play. There is no nonsense about his football; it is not of the ornamental kind and yet it is often dazzling in the promptitude with which it is done and in its grand effectiveness."—Article by The Analyst.

Remember this tall, lean, dark fellow who starred on the left wing for Huddersfield Town?

"In a recent game at Villa Park, Tom Smart, the Villa back, sent in one tremendous kick quite three-parts of the length of the field and the ball just skimmed the crossbar. An excited enthusiast volunteered the information that 'it was just about the biggest kick ever seen on the ground.' Another partisan begged to differ and pointed out that he should think the biggest kick was from 'Blackburn to York.' Then it dawned on the excited one that he had been very neatly 'had.'"—Bohemian Gossip.

Blackburn was a half-back and York outside-right for Villa.

"I have just run into what I consider the best boy footballer I have seen for years. He is playing with Tranmere Rovers, and he rejoices in the name of Dixie Dean. He is but 17 years of age, comes from a wee Cheshire town, and is playing a strong, veteran-like game. As his height is at present 5 ft. 8 in., he promises to develop. He is related to the old Albion players, Sam and Ralph Brett."—Fuse.

You'd got something there, Fuse!

"The time came for Carpentier to leave his dressing-room at Olympia. As we were making for the ring, shocking language was used towards him by men who had no right to be at the ringside."—The Carpentier-Lewis fight described by Gus Wilson, famous trainer.

Carp. won in the first round.

"Dash, pluck, and cleverness are characteristics of Ellis, the Sunderland winger, whose play has disconcerted some of the best right-backs in the country."—Photo.

Like many other fine players, W. T. Ellis was never lucky enough to catch the eye of international selectors.

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A MEDLEY OF MIRTH

"I wish you'd stop practising with my coal!"

"Ostriches! we must be near the surface!"

"Is this 236 Waverly Street?"

"The Governor says to let one escape, the bloodhounds need exercise!"

"Say, Harry—what was that blonde's name, Fay or May?"

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